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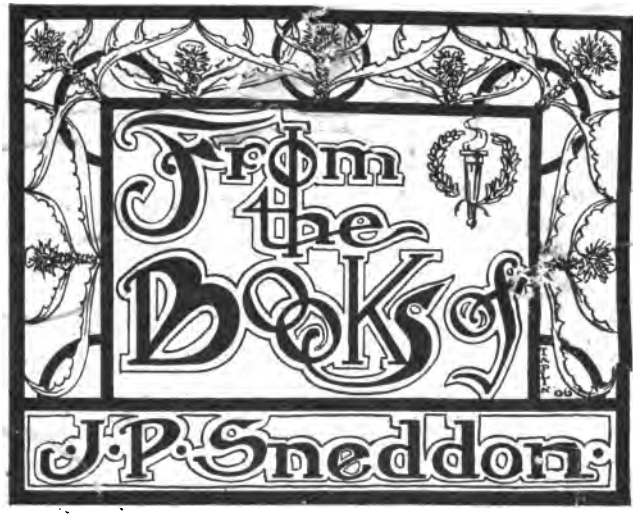
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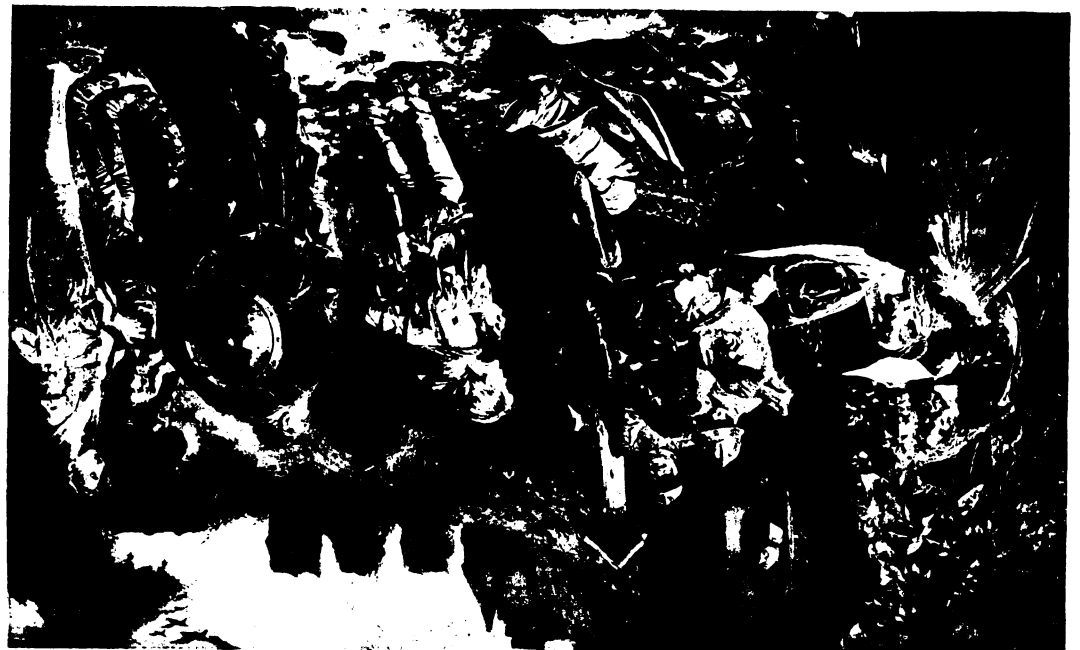

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The Works of

lliam Shakespeare

FALSTAFF RECRUITING

"... you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?"

III. 2. HENRY II

Henry IV, Part 1

Henry IV, Part 2

John D. [illegible] and Co[illegible]y
PHILADELPHIA

Edition DeLuxe

The Works of

lliam Shakespeare

Volume VI

Henry IV, Part 1

Henry IV, Part 2

John D. Morris and Company
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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Falstaff Recruiting (*Photogravure*) . . . FRONTISPIECE

Henry IV., Part I.

FACING PAGE

Hotspur and Lady Percy 60

Falstaff Asleep in the Tavern 80

Death of Hotspur 130

Falstaff Simulates Death 132

Henry IV., Part II.

In the Boar's-Head Tavern 64

Falstaff Recruiting 80

Henry V. Repudiates Falstaff 132

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HENRY IV.—Parts I. and II.

Preface.

The Early Editions. (I.) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth,* entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II.) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publikely acted by the

right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III. had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act. III. ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV.* to the year 1596-1597. (i.) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression 'the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose' (II. i.) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn,* etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word 'valiant,' detrimental to the metre of the line, in Act V. iv. 41,

"The spirits
Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"

may perhaps also point to 1596-7 as the original date of

composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii.) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia,* 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus,* acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, Christmas, 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's *'Anon, Anon, Sir.'* * The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV.* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii.) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterization, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humour" (Verplanck). *Henry IV.* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III., King John,* and *Richard II.* that *The Merchant of Venice* does to such early comedies as *Love's Labour's Lost, The Two Gentlemen, Comedy of Errors,* etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV.,* much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice.* As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable;† the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II.,* contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a

* *Cp.* "I shall no soooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon, Anon, Sir,'" etc.

† 1464 lines of prose occur in 1 *Henry IV.,* and 1860 lines in 2 *Henry IV.,* out of a total 3170 and 3437 lines respectively.

trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shakespeare shows, in *Henry IV.*, that he has learnt to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearian drama; in *Henry IV.* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV.*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V.," may with certainty be dated 1598-9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour,* acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.* It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV.* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I., as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. 'Christmas, 1598,' may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

The Sources of the Plot. The materials of both parts of *Henry IV.* were derived from (I.) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles,* and (II.) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,* which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare Library,* Pt. II. i. 323).

(I.) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*) are:—(i.) calling the Earl of Fife son to the beaten Douglas—

* *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?
Fasl. No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii.) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (Lloyd, *Critical Essays*, p. 228; Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I. pp. 75-159).

(II.) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—" Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the ' race of ginger,' that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over the pages," but, in the words of the same critic, " never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious."

Falstaff. Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV.*, where the Prince addresses the knight as ' *my old lad of the castle* ' (I. ii. 45) : in 2 *Henry IV.* (Quarto 1), the prefix *Old.* is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that " Falstaff " was substituted for " Oldcastle " throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as ' *Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death* ' (II. ii. 112). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasised (*vide* Note on the passage, 2 *Henry IV.*). The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

"It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.
. . . . Let fair truth be graced,
Since forged invention former times defaced."

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies,* referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honour was." This single passage, in Mr. Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV.* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix *'Old.'* in a single passage, *2 Henry IV.,* I. ii. 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part, in February, 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii. p. 131-2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." *

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed

* *Cp.* Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham,* with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

"Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,
God-willing, I will burn for Him."

the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (*c.* 1378-1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI.* (III. ii. 104-9; iv. 19-47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *threasonical puff,* and emblem of mock valour." * (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff,* by J. O. Halliwell, 1841; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies,* pp. 54-77, "*On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff*"; *vide* "*Sir John Fastolf*" in *Dictionary of National Biography,* by Sidney Lee, etc.); *cp.* Preface to *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Duration of Action. (I.) The time of 1 *Henry IV.,* as analysed by Mr. P. A. Daniel, covers ten 'historical' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.,* 477-79):—

* "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckram-men*" (Warton).

Day 1. Act I. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon, etc. *Interval:* a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day* 1*a*. Act I. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

Day 2. Act. I. iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval:* some three or four weeks.

Day 3. Act II. iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval:* a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days* 2*a*, 3*a*. Act II. i. ii. iv.; (Act III. ii.)]

Day 4. Act III. i. Bangor. *Interval:* about a fortnight.

Day 5. Act III. ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval:* about a week.

Day 6. Act III. iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval:* a week.

Day 7. Act IV. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval.*

Day 8. Act IV. ii. Near Coventry.

Day 9. Act IV. iii. The rebel camp. Act IV. iv. York.

Day 10. Act V. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403.

(II.) The time of *2 Henry IV.* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

Day 1. Act I. i. *Interval.*

Day 2. Act I. iii.; Act II. iii. *Interval* (within which fall *Day* 1*a*: Act I. ii. and *Day* 2*a*: Act II. i. ii. iv.).

Day 3 (the morrow of *Day* 2*a*): Act III. i. *Interval.*

Day 4. Act III. ii. *Interval.*

Day 5. Act IV. i.-iii. *Interval.*

Day 6. Act IV. iv. v.
Day 7. Act V. ii. *Interval* (including *Day* 3*a*: Act V. i. iii.).
Day 8. Act V. iv.
Day 9. Act V. v.

The historic period covers from 21st July, 1403, to 9th April, 1413.

The Battle of Shrewsbury.
From a drawing by John Rous (c. 1485) in the *Life of Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick* (MS. Cott. Jul. E. iv.).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After Bolingbroke has deposed Richard II. of England and ascended the throne as Henry IV., he seeks a time of peace to go on his long-contemplated crusade; but is dissuaded from his purpose by the news of uprisings and battles in Wales and Scotland. The Scots under the command of Douglas make an incursion and at Holmedon suffer defeat by the English forces of Northumberland's son, Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur of history. The King no sooner hears of the victory than he demands the prisoners. These Hotspur is unwilling to give up unless the King will ransom Percy's kinsman, Mortimer. They quarrel; and Hotspur sends his prisoners home without ransom and plots with both the Scots and the Welsh to overthrow the sovereign he had so recently helped to seat.

II. The madcap pranks and dissolute companions of the Prince of Wales are a source of anxiety to his father. The Prince's boon companion is a corpulent warrior, Sir John Falstaff, who wars mainly with his tongue and the wine-bottle. Falstaff and three companions rob some travellers on the highway, and are set upon in turn by the Prince and one comrade in disguise, who put them to flight; and when later Falstaff would boast of his imaginary encounter with innumerable foes the Prince has a hearty laugh at his expense. His merriment is interrupted by news from the court of Hotspur's rising in the north.

III. The Prince immediately awakes to a sense of his responsibilities, assures his royal father of his intention to be more worthy of the title of Prince, and is entrusted with a wing of the army that is proceeding against Hotspur.

IV. Hotspur is disadvantaged by the non-arrival of bodies of troops counted on by him from his father and from Wales. Nevertheless he encamps at Shrewsbury, and resolves on instant battle when the royal troops approach.

V. The King leads his army in person, and before Shrewsbury holds parley with the rebels, to whom he promises pardon if they will lay down their arms. But Hotspur is misinformed of the terms of parley and gives battle. In the spirited and decisive contest the rebels are defeated. Hotspur is slain by the Prince—though credit for the death is claimed by the rascally Falstaff—and King Henry begins to realize the true worth of his valiant son.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Henry, Prince of Wales.

With respect to Henry's youthful follies, Shakspere deviated from all authorities known to have been accessible to him. "An extraordinary conversion was generally thought to have fallen upon the Prince on coming to the crown—insomuch that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction." Shakspere, it would seem, engaged now upon historical matter, and not the fantastic substance of a comedy, found something incredible in the sudden transformation of a reckless libertine (the Henry described by Caxton, by Fabyan, and others) into a character of majestic force and large practical wisdom. Rather than reproduce this incredible

popular tradition concerning Henry, Shakspere preferred to attempt the difficult task of exhibiting the Prince as a sharer in the wild frolic of youth, while at the same time he was holding himself prepared for the splendid entrance upon his manhood, and stood really aloof in his inmost being from the unworthy life of his associates.

The change which effected itself in the Prince, as represented by Shakspere, was no miraculous conversion, but merely the transition from boyhood to adult years, and from unchartered freedom to the solemn responsibilities of a great ruler. We must not suppose that Henry formed a deliberate plan for concealing the strength and splendour of his character, in order, afterwards, to flash forth upon men's sight and overwhelm and dazzle them. When he soliloquizes (I. ii. 205 *et seq.*), having bidden farewell to Poins and Falstaff,

> "I know you all, and will awhile uphold
> The unyoked humour of your idleness:
> Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
> Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world,
> That, when he please again to be himself,
> Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
> By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
> Of vapours that did seem to strangle him"—

when Henry soliloquizes thus, we are not to suppose that he was quite as wise and diplomatical as he pleased to represent himself, for the time being, to his own heart and conscience. The Prince entered heartily and without reserve into the fun and frolic of his Eastcheap life; the vigour and the folly of it were delightful; to be clapped on the back, and shouted for as "Hal," was far better than the doffing of caps and crooking of knees, and delicate, unreal phraseology of the court. But Henry, at the same time, kept himself from subjugation to what was really base. He could truthfully stand before his father (III. ii.) and maintain that his nature was

substantially sound and untainted, capable of redeeming itself from all past, superficial dishonour.

Has Shakspere erred? Or is it not possible to take energetic part in a provisional life, which is known to be provisional, while at the same time a man holds his truest self in reserve for the life that is best and highest and most real? May not the very consciousness, indeed, that such a life is provisional, enable one to give one's self away to it, satisfying its demands with scrupulous care, or with full and free enjoyment, as a man could not if it were a life which had any chance of engaging his whole personality, and that finally? Is it possible to adjust two states of being, one temporary and provisional, the other absolute and final, and to pass freely out of one into the other? Precisely because the one is perfect and indestructible, it does not fear the counter-life. May there not have been passages in Shakspere's own experience which authorized him in his attempt to exhibit the successful adjustment of two apparently incoherent lives? . . . From the coldness, the caution, the convention, of his father's court (an atmosphere which suited well the temperament of John of Lancaster), Henry escapes to the teeming vitality of the London streets, and the tavern where Falstaff is monarch. There, among hostlers, and carriers, and drawers, and merchants, and pilgrims, and loud robustious women, he at least has freedom and frolic. "If it be a sin to covet honour," Henry declares, "I am the most offending soul alive." But the honour that Henry covets is not that which Hotspur is ambitious after:—

> "By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

The honour that Henry covets is the achievement of great deeds, not the words of men which vibrate around such deeds. Falstaff, the despiser of honour, labours across the field, bearing the body of the fallen Hotspur, the impassioned pursuer of glory, and, in his fashion of

splendid imposture or stupendous joke, the fat knight claims credit for the achievement of the day's victory. Henry is not concerned, on this occasion, to put the old sinner to shame. To have added to the deeds of the world a glorious deed is itself the only honour that Henry seeks.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

III.

Hotspur.

It is exceedingly difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily; not indeed because the lines of his character are not bold and prominent enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which causes him to be all the more distinguishable, and perhaps to seem larger than he really is; and one of his leading excesses manifests itself in a wiry, close-twisted, red-hot speech, which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him: no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity; and stupidity itself can hardly so disguise or disfeature him with criticism, but that he will still be recognized by any one that has ever seen him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress: there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance; he makes everything bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! It seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of

the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but that he will give you a shock. . . .

Another consequence, apparently, of Hotspur's having so much of passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry, and so finely exemplified in the scene with his wife; where, after she has closed her noble strain of womanly eloquence, he calls in a servant, makes several inquiries about his horse and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, exchanges some questions with her, and fights a battle in imagination, before he answers her tender remonstrance. Here it is plain that his absence is not from any lack of strength, but from a certain rapidity and skittishness of mind: he has not the control of his thinking; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought: that which strikes his mind last must pop out first; and, in a word, he is rather possessed by his thoughts, than possessing them.

The qualities we have remarked must needs in a great measure unfit Hotspur for a military leader in regular warfare; the whole working of his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impetuous and eager for the contest to concert operations, too impatient for the end to await the adjustment of means; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurlyburly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely shown just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where if he be not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to render him quite impracticable:

we see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him; that he will be sure to fall out and quarrel with whoever stands out from or against his purposes. Yet he nowhere appears more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when amidst the falling off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into sources of confidence.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Sir John Falstaff.

He [Falstaff] is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier without either dignity, decency, or honour. This is a character which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever. It required the hand of Shakspeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part.

MORGANN: *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

Falstaff is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, "we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily." We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter or "lards the lean earth as he

walks along." Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, "into thin air"; but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies "three fingers deep upon the ribs," it plays about the lungs and diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil. . . . He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police offices. We only consider the number of pleasant lights in which he puts certain foibles (the more pleasant as they are opposed to the received rules and necessary restraints of society), and do not trouble ourselves about the consequences resulting from them, for no mischievous consequences do result. Sir John is old as well as fat, which gives a melancholy retrospective tinge to his character; and by the disparity between his inclinations and his capacity for enjoyment, makes it still more ludicrous and fantastical.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Nothing can be less like the mere mouthpiece of an idea or the representative of a tendency than Falstaff, whose incomparably vivid personality is rather, notwithstanding his childlike innocence of mental or moral conflict, a very meeting-point of conflicting traits. But we

can hardly be wrong in regarding as the decisive trait which justifies the extraordinary rôle he plays in this drama, his wonderful gift of *non-moral humour*. It is his chief occupation to cover with immortal ridicule the ideals of heroic manhood—the inward honour which the Prince maintains, a little damaged, in his company, as well as the outward honour which Hotspur would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon. His reputation is a bubble which he delights to blow for the pleasure of seeing it burst. He comes of a good stock, has been page to the Duke of Norfolk, and exchanged jests with John of Gaunt. But like the Prince, and like Hotspur, he is a rebel to the traditions of his order; and he is the greatest rebel of the three. Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, and the whole seventeenth century, conceived his revolt as yet more radical than it was, taking him, as the Prince does, for a genuine coward endowed with an inimitable faculty of putting a good face on damaging facts. Since the famous essay of Maurice Morgann criticism has inclined even excessively to the opposite extreme, conceiving him as from first to last a genial artist in humour, who plays the coward for the sake of the monstrous caricature of valour that he will make in rebutting the charge. The admirable battle-scene at Shrewsbury is thus the very kernel of the play. It is altogether a marvellous example of epic material penetrated through and through with dramatic invention; and Shakespeare's boldest innovations in the political story are here concentrated. Here the Prince reveals his noble quality as at once a great warrior, a loyal son, and a generous foe—in the duel with Hotspur, the rescue of his father, and the ransomless release of Douglas;—all incidents unknown to the *Chronicles*. Here Hotspur falls a victim to his infatuated disdain of the rival whose valour had grown "like the summer grass, fastest by night." And here Falstaff, the mocker at honour, lies motionless side by side with its extravagant devotee—not like him dead, but presently to conjure up

the wonderful phantom of the fight for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare created a kind of English Bacchus at a time when every kind of fruit or grain that could be made into a beverage was drunk in vast quantities; and sack, which was Falstaff's native element, was both strong and sweet. Falstaff is saved by his humour and his genius; he lies, steals, boasts, and takes to his legs in time of peril, with such superb consistency and in such unfailing good spirits that we are captivated by his vitality. It would be as absurd to apply ethical standards to him as to Silenus or Bacchus; he is a creature of the elemental forces; a personification of the vitality which is in bread and wine; a satyr become human, but moving buoyantly and joyfully in an unmoral world. And yet the touch of the ethical law is on him; he is not a corrupter by intention, and he is without malice; but as old age brings its searching revelation of essential characteristics, his humour broadens into coarseness, his buoyant animalism degenerates into lust; and he is saved from contempt at the end by one of those exquisite touches with which the great-hearted Poet loves to soften and humanize degeneration.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

V.

Falstaff's Wit.

He is one of the brightest and wittiest spirits England has ever produced. He is one of the most glorious creations that ever sprang from a poet's brain. There is much rascality and much genius in him, but there is no trace of mediocrity. He is always superior to his surroundings, always resourceful, always witty, always at

his ease, often put to shame, but, thanks to his inventive effrontery, never put out of countenance. He has fallen below his social position; he lives in the worst (though also in the best) society; he has neither soul, nor honour, nor moral sense; but he sins, robs, lies, and boasts, with such splendid exuberance, and is so far above any serious attempt at hypocrisy, that he seems unfailingly amiable whatever he may choose to do. Therefore he charms every one, although he is a butt for the wit of all. He perpetually surprises us by the wealth of his nature. . . .

Here, in the First Part, Falstaff is still a demi-god, supreme alike in intellect and in wit. With this figure the popular drama which Shakespeare represented won its first decisive battle over the literary drama which followed in the footsteps of Seneca. We can actually hear the laughter of the "yard" and the gallery surging around his speeches like waves around a boat at sea. It was the old sketch of Parolles in *Love's Labour's Won*, which had here taken on a new amplitude of flesh and blood. There was much to delight the groundlings—Falstaff is so fat and yet so mercurial, so old and yet so youthful in all his tastes and vices. But there was far more to delight the spectators of higher culture, in his marvellous quickness of fence, which can parry every thrust, and in the readiness which never leaves him tongue-tied, or allows him to confess himself beaten. Yes, there was something for every class of spectators in this mountain of flesh, exuding wit at every pore, in this hero without shame or conscience, in this robber, poltroon, and liar, whose mendacity is quite poetic, Münchausenesque, in this cynic with the brazen forehead and a tongue as supple as a Toledo blade. His talk is like Bellman's after him:—

> "A dance of all the gods upon Olympus,
> With fauns and graces and the muses twined."

The men of the Renaissance revelled in his wit, much as

the men of the Middle Ages had enjoyed the popular legends of Reinecke Fuchs and his rogueries.

Falstaff reaches his highest point of wit and drollery in that typical soliloquy on honour, in which he indulges on the battle-field of Shrewsbury (V. i.), a soliloquy which almost categorically sums him up, in contradistinction to the other leading personages. For all the characters here stand in a certain relation to the idea of honour—the King, to whom honour means dignity; Hotspur, to whom it means the halo of renown; the Prince, who loves it as the opposite of outward show; and Falstaff, who, in his passionate appetite for the material good things of life, rises entirely superior to it and shows its nothingness.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VI.

Owen Glendower.

Owen Glendower—the "damned Glendower" of the King—the "great Glendower" of Hotspur—"he of Wales," that "swore the devil his true liege-man," of the Prince, was among the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the *guerilla* warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful; and his boast in this drama is historically true, that—

> "Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
> Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
> And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
> Bootless home, and weather-beaten back."

Shakspere has seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says:—

> "at my birth,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes."

The old chroniclers say, "the same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspere has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen (as Holinshed relates) "conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army that the like had not been heard of." His tedious stories to Hotspur—

> "of the moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
> And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
> A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion, and a ramping cat"—

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. "This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them." Glendower might probably have

> "Believ'd the magic wonders which he sang,"

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was "trained up in the English court," as he describes himself, and he was probably "exceedingly well read," as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the Parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to "barefooted blackguards," it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

VII.

Douglas.

Douglas is a creation that adds wonderful force to the scene, and aids in giving dignity and relief both to the King and to Hotspur. There is somewhat barbarous and uncivilized in his traits that speaks of a nation remoter from refinement than Northumberland. He asserts and dwells upon his own boldness with as little delicacy as he imputes fear and cold heart to Worcester, and is more petulant and inconsiderate in urging on the battle prematurely than Hotspur himself. Brave and most efficient he is as a soldier even to excite the enthusiastic admiration of his ally, but when he finds himself overmatched he runs away without hesitation, though it be to look for an opponent he can better cope with, and in the rout he is captured by most undignified catastrophe: "upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest," the hero who professed that the word fear was unknown in Scotland:—

"And falling from a hill he was so bruised—
That the pursuers took him."

This accident is historical, like his military renown, and in the seeming incongruity Shakespeare found the key of the character. The Douglas of this play always reminds me of the Ares of the Iliad—a coarse exponent of the mere animal propensity to pugnacity, delighting in the circumstances of homicide, but when pierced by the spear of Diomed, hastily flying from the conflict and bellowing aloud.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

King Henry.

Of all the strictly historical personages of this first part, Henry the Fourth himself alone seems drawn entirely and scrupulously from historical authority; and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest delineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his talent, and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiment from the sagacious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy, and anxiety—all combine to form a portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left us of Tiberius.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

IX.

The Vassalry.

Shakspeare, in his usual masterly style, describes the vassalry in its chief representatives: the noble, hot-blooded, ambitious, and foolhardy Percy, who is ever

balancing the world on the point of his sword, who has pleasure only in war and military glory, and would stake the welfare of his country for the sake of a single heroic deed; the brave, noble-hearted Douglas, who is as ready to acknowledge Percy's superior military power, as to bid defiance to all the rest of the world, who, out of pure chivalrous gratitude, joins his victorious enemy in a dangerous and unpromising enterprise, although he is not urged on by any personal interest; the cold, calculating, intriguing, and ambitious Worcester, who is more a statesman than a knight, and again but half a statesman and half a knight; the irresolute Northumberland, who never knows whether he shall uphold his princely dignity, his great estates and the welfare of his house, or, like a knight errant, stake his all upon a single throw; lastly, the double-tongued Archbishop of York, who is half an ecclesiastical prince, and half a vassal, who preaches peace sword in hand, and would like to wed the worldliness of his desires to the holiness of his office;—all these are true Shakspearian characters, full, complete men, and yet, at the same time, but children of their age. In them we have a distinct reflex of the essential elements of vassalry. A state of semi-independence together with a state of semi-dependence; a defiance and arrogance, an ambition and love of dominion which, however, are ever at strife with a feeling of duty towards the kingdom and the King; the endeavour to make themselves strong by alliances, whereas, according to the nature of things, there is no truly uniting bond among them, and all are finally left to do as they please in spite of oaths and treaties; the contradiction in the knight whose sole object is personal honour and military glory, and the same knight who ought likewise to be a commander and a chief, governing country and people, a statesman and a politician;—all these characteristic features are set forth in delicate but definite outlines.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

X.

Brilliancy and Power of Henry IV.

With all sorts of readers and spectators this is the greatest favourite of the whole of Shakespeare's English histories, and, indeed, is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language. The popularity of this play has extended itself to the other histories with which it is connected, until it has made them all nearly as familiarly known as itself. It is probably owing quite as much to Falstaff and to Hotspur as to the several merits of the other histories—great as they are, though in very different degrees—that this whole dramatic series of histories have been mixed up with all our recollections and impressions of the Wars of York and Lancaster, and finally become substituted in the popular mind for all other history of the period. Thus it is to this play that the great majority of those at all familiar with old English history in its substantial reality, not as a meagre chronological abridgment of names and events, but exhibiting the men and deeds of the times, are indebted generally for their earliest and always their most vivid, impressive, and true conceptions of England's feudal ages. Of the ten plays of this historic series, the first part of *Henry IV.* is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the most attractive; while it is substantially as true as any of the rest in its historical instruction—although it is neither a dramatized chronicle in the old fashion, nor yet a strictly historical drama in the sense in which *Richard II.* and *Julius Cæsar* are pre-eminently entitled to that appellation—as presenting only historical personages and great public events with the condensed effect and sustained feeling of dramatic unity and interest.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

In *Henry IV.*, we return to our own England—

> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Fear'd by their breed and famous for their birth.
> (*Richard II.*, II. i.)

We come from the grace and beauty and wit of Portia, the curses and baffled vengeance of Shylock, the tender friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, and the rivalry of the courters of the sweet Bianca, the taming of Katherine the curst, to the headstrong valour of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquished rebels who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry Prince of Wales—

> *Hotspur.* O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
> And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
> But I and Harry Monmouth—

and the sight of how "ever did rebellion find rebuke." Love gives place to war; kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed. Let us look for a moment at the change from Shakspere's early historical plays. It is one from spring to summer. Like Chaucer, he has been, as it were, to Dante's land, to Petrarch's, Boccaccio's home; and when he touches his native soil again, he springs from youth to manhood, from his First Period to his Second, from the cramp of rhyme, the faint characterization of *Richard II.*, to the freedom, the reckless ease, the full creative power of *Henry IV.* Granting that the rhetoric of the earlier play does still appear in Vernon's speech, etc., yet all its faint and shadowy secondary figures have vanished. Through every scene of 1 *Henry IV.* beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,*
JOHN *of Lancaster,* } *sons to the King.*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* DOUGLAS.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

The First Part of
KING HENRY IV.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross

We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,

Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
As he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and

sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace —majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed,

as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I 'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it!

Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest

may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for

the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,—
King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
[*Exit Wor*
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.
[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths;
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;

So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged wi
rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 2
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley-castle.

Hot. You say true: 2
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin';
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 2
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reason
Which I shall send you written, be assured,

Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if

I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike soóner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I 'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains'

throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring: there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that 's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excel-

lent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady Percy. "Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 2, Scene 3.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go—
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God 's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince, and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corin-

thian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed

themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; Francis following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A

plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand

pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenti-

ful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me

to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.
How now, my sweet creature of bombast

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps

more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may

be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do

not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth

ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing.

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish

Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

Pointz. "Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 2, Scene 4.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads*] Item, A capon, . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, ... 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, . . . ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.
Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

lend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

'ot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I 'll to dinner.

'ort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

lend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

ot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

lend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I 'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away by night:
I 'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Port. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. [*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we 'll but seal,

And then to horse immediately.

ort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

ing. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

rince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he';
Others would say, 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down,
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in

the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, 'By this fire, that 's God's angel': but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heartburned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John?

do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I 'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I 'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

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Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets 'hem playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down,
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

)oug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

'ot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

'er. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

'ot. No harm: what more?

er. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

'ot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside
And bid it pass?

'er. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

oug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

al. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

ard. Will you give me money, captain?

al. Lay out, lay out.

ard. This bottle makes an angel.

al. An if it do, take it for thy labour; an if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

ard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

al. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of

ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of

Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

Vest. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

'al. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

'rince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

'al. Mine, Hal, mine.

'rince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

'al. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

'est. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

'al. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

'rince. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

'al. What, is the king encamped?

'est. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

'al. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.
Wor. It may not be.
Doug. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.
The number of the king exceedeth ours;
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Bl. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Bl. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay;
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win

The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many mo corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth

Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.
King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.
Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite

Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I 'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm?

no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.

Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

Scene III.

Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there 's honour for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword!
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit;
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That counterfeit's the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight. Douglas flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I 'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton: I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

Hot. ". . . O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou are dust,
And food for——

Prince. "For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!"

King Henry IV. P. 1, Act 5, Scene 4.

To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man:
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when

Fal. "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life."

King Henry IV., P. 1. Act 5, Scene 4.

a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that 's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.
[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Admiral, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 28.

Advantage, leisure, II. iv. 594; interest, II. iv. 585; favourable opportunity, III. ii. 180.

Advertisement, information, news, III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.

Advised, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.

Affections, inclinations; III. ii. 30.

Against; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.

Allhallown summer, i.e. summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November), in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 168.

Amamon, the name of a demon; II. iv. 358.

Amaze, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.

Ancients, ensigns, IV. ii. 25; "*ancient*" standard; IV. ii. 33.

Angel, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with his spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.

Anon, anon! coming! II. i. 5.

Answer, repay; I. iii. 185.

Any way, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.

Apace, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.

Apple-john, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.

Appointment, equipment; I. ii. 185.

Apprehends, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.

Approve me, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.

Arbitrement, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.

Argument, subject for conversation; II. ii. 98.

Arras, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 535.

Articulate = articulated, specified, enumerated (Folios, "*articulated*"); V. i. 72.

Aspects, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.

Assay thee, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.

'At hand, quoth pick-purse,' a proverbial expression; II. i. 52.

Athwart, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.

Attempts, pursuits; III. ii. 13.

Attended, waited for; IV. iii. 70.

Attribution, praise; IV. i. 3.

Auditor, an officer of the Exchequer; I. i. 62.

Away; "a. all night" (so the Quartos) ?= march all night; (Folios, "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 60.

'Ay, when? canst tell?' proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 42.

Back; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 193.

Back, mount; II. iii. 74.

Baffle, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 108.

Bagpipe; "the Lincolnshire b.," a favourite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 82.

Baited, v. Note; IV. i. 99.

Balk'd, heaped, piled up ("balk" = "ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.

Ballad-mongers, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.

Bands, bonds; III. ii. 157.

Banish'd, lost, exiled (Collier MS. "tarnish'd"); I. iii. 181.

Base, wicked, treacherous (Quartos, "bare"); I. iii. 108.

Basilisks, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56. (Illustration in *Cymbeline.*)

Bastard, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 30.

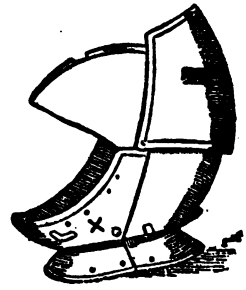
Bate, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.

Battle, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.

Bavin, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.

Bears hard, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.

Beaver, properly the lower part of the helmet (marked × in accompanying illustration), as distinguished from the visor or upper part. Often used of the whole helmet; IV. i. 104.



Helmet with visor thrown up and beaver down, *i. e.* in its natural position. From Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

Become, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 531.

Beguiling, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.

Beldam, aged grandmother; III. i. 32.

Beside, beyond; III. i. 179.

Bestride me, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.

Bide, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.

Blue-caps, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 379.

Bolters, sieves for meal; III. iii. 77.

Bolting-hutch, a bin into which meal is bolted; II. iv. 480.

Bombard, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 482. (Illustration in *The Tempest.*)

Bombast; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 347.

Bonfire-light, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire: Quarto 1, "*bone-fire light*"; Quarto 2, "*bon-fire light*"; Quartos 3, 4, "*bone-fire light*"; the rest "*Bone-fire-light*"); III. iii. 46.

Book, indentures; III. i. 224.

Bootless, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.

Boots, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 90.

Bosom, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.

Bots, small worms; II. i. 10.

Bottom, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.

Brach, a female hound; III. i. 240.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 69.

Brawn, mass of flesh; II. iv. 120.

Break with, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.

Breathe, take breath (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*break*"); II. iv. 17.

Breathed, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.

'*Brewer's horse*'; a disputed point, probably equivalent to *malt-horse,* a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.

Brief, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.

'*Bring in,*' the call for more wine; I. ii. 40.

Brisk, smart; I. iii. 54.

Bruising; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 189.

Buffets; "go to b." = come to blows; II. iii. 35.

Buff jerkin, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 46.

Burning, alight with war; III. iii. 219.

Busky, bosky (Quarto 1, "*bulky*"); V. i. 2.

By-drinkings, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 81.

"By God, soft"; an exclamation (Folios, *"soft, I pray ye"*); II. i. 39.

Caddis-garter, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 78.

Caliver, corruption of *caliber,* a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 20.

Candy, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.

Canker, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.

Canker'd, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.

Cankers, canker-worms; IV. ii. 31.

Canstick, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Folios, *"candlestick"*); III. i. 131.

Cantle, piece (Quartos, "scantle"); III. i. 100.

'Cap and knee,' doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.

Capering, leaping, skipping (Quarto 1, *"capring"*; the rest *"carping"*); III. ii. 63.

Capital, principal; III. ii. 110.

Capitulate, form a league; III. ii. 120.

Carbonado, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 60.

Carded, v. Note; III. ii. 62.

Cart, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 531.

Case ye, mask your faces; II. ii. 54.

Caterpillars, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 86.

Cates, delicacies; III. i. 163.

Cavil, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.

Cess, measure; II. i. 7.

Changing, exchanging; I. iii. 101.

Charge, cost, expense, I. i. 35, III. i. 112; baggage, II. i. 50; command, II. iv. 582.

Charles' wain, the Great Bear; II. i. 2.

Chat, chatter; I. iii. 65.

Cheap; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 50.

Chewet, chough, probably jackdaw (used generally in sense of mince-pie); V. i. 29.

Chops, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 144.

Christen, Christian (Quartos 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Folios); II. iv. 8.

Chuffs, churlish misers, II. ii. 92.

Cital, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.

Clap to, shut; II. iv. 296.

Clipp'd in, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.

Close, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.

Cloudy men, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.

Cock, cockcrow; II. i. 19.

Colour, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.

Colt, befool; II. ii. 39.

Come near me, hit me; I. ii. 14.

Comfit-maker, confectioner; III. i. 253.

Commodity, supply; I. ii. 89.

Common-hackney'd, vulgarised; III. ii. 40.
Commonwealth, used quibblingly; II. i. 88.
Community, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.
Comparative, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.
——, full of comparisons; I. ii. 86.
Compass; "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 22.
Concealments, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.
Condition, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.
Conduct, escort; III. i. 92.
Confound, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.
Conjunction, assembled force; IV. i. 37.
Contagious, baneful; I. ii. 208.
Contracted, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 16.
Corinthian, spirited fellow; II. iv. 12.
Corpse, corpses (Quarto 1 and Folios 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.
Correction, punishment; V. i. 111.
Corrival, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.
Couching, couchant, lying down (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.
Countenance, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word, I. ii. 32; sanction, III. ii. 65; bearing, V. i. 69.
Cousin, kinsman; I. iii. 292.
Cozeners, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.
Cranking, winding, bending; III. i. 98.
Cressets, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.

From a specimen preserved in the Tower of London.

Crisp, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.
Crossings, contradictions; III. i. 36.
Crown, enthrone; III. i. 217.
Crystal button, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 76.
Cuckoo's bird, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.
Cuisses, armour for the thighs (Quartos and Folios, "*cushes*"); IV. i. 105.
Culverin, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 56.

Curbs, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.
Cut, the name of a horse; II. i. 5.

Daff'd, put aside, doffed (Quartos and Folios "*daft*"); IV. i. 96.
Damm'd, stopped up, enclosed (Quartos 1, 2, 6 and Folios, "*damnd*"); III. i. 101.
Dangerous, indicating danger; V. i. 69.
Dank, damp; II. i. 8.
Dare, daring; IV. i. 78.
Daventry, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "Dahntry" (Quartos 1-5, "Dauintry"; Quartos 6, 7, 8, "Daintry," etc.); IV. ii. 50.
Dear, eagerly desired, urgent, I. i. 33; worthy, valued, IV. iv. 31.
Dearest, best; III. i. 182.
Defend, forbid; IV. iii. 38.
Defy, renounce, abjure, I. iii. 228; despise, IV. i. 6.
Deliver, report; V. ii. 26.
Deliver'd, related, reported; I. iii. 26.
Denier, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 87.
Deny, refuse; I. iii. 29.
Deputation; "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.
Deputy of the ward, local police officer; III. iii. 126.
Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 521. (See Notes.)
Devised, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.
Discarded, dismissed; IV. ii. 28.
Discontents, malcontents; V. i. 76.
Disdain'd, disdainful; I. iii. 183.
Dislike, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.
Disputation, conversation; III. i. 206.
Distemperature, disorder; III. i. 34.
Divide myself, cut myself in half; II. iii. 35.
Division, modulation; III. i. 211.
Doff, put off; V. i. 12.
Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 191.
Dowlas, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 76.
Draff, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 37.
Drawn, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.
Drawn Fox, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 125.
Draws, draws back; IV. i. 73.
Dread, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.
Drench, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 117.
Drone, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 82.

Drowzed, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.

Drum, an allusion probably to the enlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 223.

Durance, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibblingly; I. ii. 47.

Duties, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.

Eastcheap, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating-houses and taverns; I. ii. 138.

Ecce signum, here 's the proof; II. iv. 182.

Embossed, swoolen; III. iii. 170.

Embowell'd, i.e. for embalming; V. iv. 109.

Enfeoff'd himself, gave himself up entirely (Quartos 6, 7, 8, "*enforc't*"); III. ii. 69.

Engaged, detained as hostage (Pope, "*encaged*"); IV. iii. 95.

Engross up, amass (*up,* intensive) (Quartos 1, 2, and Folios, "*up*"; the rest, "*my*"); III. ii. 148.

Enlarged, set free; III. ii. 115.

Enlargement, escape; III. i. 31.

Entertain, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.

Envy, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.

Equity, justice, fairness; II. ii. 103.

Esperance, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 74.

Estimation, conjecture; I. iii. 272.

Estridges, ostriches; IV. i. 98.

Even, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.

Exhalations, meteors; II. iv. 340.

Expectation, promise; II. iii. 20.

Expedience, expedition; I. i. 33.

Eye of death, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.

Face, trim, set off; V. i. 74.

Factor, agent; III. ii. 147.

Fall off, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.

Father, father-in-law; III. i. 87.

Fathom-line, lead line; I. iii. 204.

Fat room, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.

Fat-witted, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.

Favours, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight, V. iv. 96; features (Hanmer "favour" = face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets," III. ii. 136.

Fear'd, feared for; IV. i. 24.

Fearfully, in fear; I. iii. 105.

Fears, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.

Feeds; "f. him," *i.e.* feeds himself; III. ii. 180.

Feeling, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*feeble*"); III. i. 206.

Fellow, neighbour, companion; II. ii. 111.

Fern-seed; "the receipt of f.," *i.e.* the receipt for gathering fern-seed; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and any one who could gather them was himself rendered invisible; II. i. 95.

Figures, shapes created by the imagination; I. iii. 209.

Finsbury, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls; III. i. 257.

Fleece, plunder them; II. ii. 88.

Flesh'd, stained with blood; V. iv. 133.

Flocks, tufts of wool; II. i. 6.

Fobbed, cheated; tricked (Quartos 7, 8, "*snub'd*"); I. ii. 65.

Foil, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Quartos 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Folios, "*soile*"); I. ii. 225.

Foot, foot-soldiers, infantry; II. iv. 582.

Foot land-rakers, foot-pads (Quartos "*footland rakers*"; Folios, "*Footland-Rakers*"); II. i. 80.

Forced, compelled by whip and spur; III. i. 135.

Foul, bad (Folio 2, "*soure*"; Folios 3, 4, "*sowre*"); V. i. 8.

Found; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness; I. iii. 3.

Four by the day, four o'clock in the morning; II. i. 1.

Framed, planned, composed; III. i. 123.

Franklin, freeholder or yeoman; II. i. 59.

Frets, used equivocally for (i.) chafes, and (ii.) wears out; II. ii. 2.

From, away from; III. ii. 31.

Front, confront; II. ii. 61.

Frontier, forehead, brow; I. iii. 19.

Frontiers, outworks; II. iii. 55.

Full of rest, thoroughly rested; IV. iii. 27.

Furniture, furnishing, equipment; III. iii. 218.

Gadshill; a hill two miles northwest of Rochester on the Canterbury Road; a well-known resort of highwaymen; I. ii. 133.

Gage, engage, pledge; I. iii. 173.

Gait, walk, pace; III. i. 135.

Gall, annoy; I. iii. 229.

Garters, an allusion to the Order of the Garter; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying; II. ii. 46.

Gelding, horse; II. i. 38.

——, taking away from; III. i. 110.

Gib cat, old tom cat; I. ii. 80.

Gilliams, another form of Williams; II. iii. 68.

Given, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 16.

'God save the mark!' a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.

Goodman, grandfather; II. iv. 102.

Good morrow, good morning; II. iv. 559.

'Good night,' an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.

Garbellied, big-bellied; II. ii. 91.

Government; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly, I. ii. 31; command, IV. i. 19.

Grace, service, honour, III. i. 182.

Grace; "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i.e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III. ii. 119.

Grandam, grandmother; III. i. 34.

Grapple, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.

Grief, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 133.

Griefs, grievances; IV. iii. 42.

Gull, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.

Gummed; "g. velvet," *i.e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.

Gyves, fetters; IV. ii. 43.

Habits, garments; I. ii. 184.

Hair, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.

Half-fac'd, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.

Half-moon, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 30.

Half-sword, close fight; II. iv. 179.

'Happy man be his dole,' happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 78.

Hardiment, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.

Hare, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 83.

Harlotry, vixen; III. i. 199.

Harlotry players, vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 422.

Harness, armour, armed men; III. ii. 101.

Head, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.

——; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.

Head of safety, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.

Hearken'd for, longed for; V. iv. 52.

Heavenly-harness'd team, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.

Hem, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 18.

Herald's coat, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 47.

Hest, behest, command; II. iii. 65.

Hind, boor; II. iii. 17.

Hitherto, to this spot; III. i. 74.

Hold in, restrain themselves; II. i. 84.

Hold me pace, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

Holy-rood day, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.

Home, "to pay home," *i.e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.

Homo; "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 103.

Hopes, anticipations; I. ii. 221.

Horse, horses; II. i. 3.

Hot in question, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.

Hue and cry, a clamour in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 542.

Humorous, capricious; III. i. 234.

Humours, caprices; II. iv. 101; II. iv. 480.

Hurlyburly, tumultuous; V. i. 78.

Hybla; "honey of H." (so Quartos, but Folios, "*honey,*" omitting "*of H.*"); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 45.

Hydra, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.

'*Ignis fatuus,*' Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 43.

Ignomy, dishonour (Quartos 1, 2, 3, 8, Folios 3, 4, "*ignominy,*" so Cambridge Ed., the rest "*ignomy*"); V. iv. 100.

Immask, mask, conceal; I. ii. 189.

Impawn'd, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.

Impeach, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.

Impressed, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.

Indent, indentation; III. i. 104.

——, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.

Indentures tripartite, triple agreement, *i.e.* "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.

Indirect, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.

Induction, beginning; III. i. 2.

Injuries, wrongs; V. i. 50.

Intelligence, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.

Intemperance, excesses, want of moderation (Folios, "*intemperature*"); III. ii. 156.

Intended, intending to march (Collier MS., "*intendeth*"); IV. i. 92.

Interchangeably, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.

Interest to, claim to; III. ii. 98.

Irregular, lawless; I. i. 40.

Item, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 570.

Iteration, "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 97.

Jack, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 12.

Joined-stool, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 406.
Journey-bated, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.
Jumps, agrees; I. ii. 74.
Justling, busy; IV. i. 18.

Kendal green, a woollen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 237.
Kept, dwelt; I. iii. 244.
King Christen, Christian king (Folios, "*in Christendome*"); II. i. 18.
Knows, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.

Lack-brain, emptyheaded fellow; II. iii. 17.
Lag-end, latter end; V. i. 24.
Lay by, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 39.
Leaden, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 407.
Leading; "great l.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.
Lean, scanty; I. ii. 79.
Leaping-houses, brothels; I. ii. 10.
Leash, three in a string; II. iv. 7.
Leathern jerkin, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 76.
Leave; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.
Leg, obeisance; II. iv. 414.
Lend me thy hand, help me; II. iv. 2.
Let him, let him go; I. i. 91.
Let'st slip, let'st loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.
Libertine (Capell's emendation of Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, "*a libertie*"; Quarto 5, etc., "*at libertie*"; Collier MS., "*of liberty*"); V. ii. 72.
Lies, lodges; I. ii. 137.
Lieve, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 18.
Lighted, alighted; I. i. 63.
Liking; "in some l.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.
Line, rank; III. ii. 85.
Line, strengthen; II. iii. 86.
Links, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 47.
Liquored, made waterproof; II. i. 93.
List, limit; IV. i. 51.
Loggerheads, blockheads; II. iv. 4.
Longstaff; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 81.
Look big, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.
Lugged bear, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 80.

Mad, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 38.
"*Maid Marian,*" a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed

as a woman; III. iii. 125. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a black-letter ballad of the XVIIth century.

Main, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.

Maintenance, carriage; V. iv. 22.

Major, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon "*major*" = "*mayor*"; II. iv. 530.

Majority, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.

Make against, oppose; V. i. 103.

Makest tender of, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.

Make up, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.

Malevolent, hostile, an astrological term; I. i. 97.

Malt-worms, "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," *i.e.* ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 82.

Mammets, puppets; II. iii. 95.

Manage, direction; II. iii. 52.

Manner; "taken with the m.," *i.e.* taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuopere*); II. iv. 335.

Manningtree, a place in Essex where the "Moralities" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 483.

Mark, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 60.

Marked, heeded, observed; I. ii. 92.

Master'd, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.

Masters; "my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 536.

Mean, means; I. iii. 261.

Medicines, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 19.

'*Melancholy as a cat,*' an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 80.

Memento mori, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 35.

Mercy, "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.

Merlin, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.

Micher, truant, thief (*moocher,* a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays

truant to pick blackberries," Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 436.

Milliner; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. III. 36.

Mincing, affected; III. i. 134.

Minion, darling; favourite; I. i. 83.

Misprision, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.

Misquote, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.

Mistreadings, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.

Misuse, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.

Mo, more; IV. iv. 31.

Moiety, share; III. i. 96.

Moldwarp, mole; III. i. 149.

Moody, discontented, angry; I. iii. 19.

Moorditch, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 84.

More; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.

Moulten, moulting; III. i. 152.

Mouthed, gaping, I. iii. 97.

Muddy, dirty, rascally; II. i. 105.

Mutual, having common interests (Quarto 8, "*naturall*"); I. i. 14.

Natural scope, natural temperament; III. i. 171.

Neat's tongue, ox tongue; II. iv. 262.

Neck; "in the n. of that," immediately after; IV. iii. 92.

Neglectingly, slightingly, carelessly; I. iii. 52.

Nether stocks, stockings; II. iv. 126.

Newgate fashion, "as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together"; III. iii. 100.

New reap'd, trimmed in the newest style; I. iii. 34.

Next, nearest, surest; II. i. 9; III. i. 264.

Nice, precarious; IV. i. 48.

Noted, well known, familiar; I. ii. 189.

Nothing, not at all; III. i. 133.

Not-pated, close cropped; II. iv. 77.

Ob, abbreviation of obolus (properly a small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv. 575.

Offering, challenging, assailing; IV. i. 69.

Old faced, old patched; IV. ii. 33.

Oneyers; "great o.," probably a jocose term for "great ones" (*v.* Note); II. i. 84.

Opinion, self-conceit, III. i. 185; public opinion, reputation, III. ii. 42.

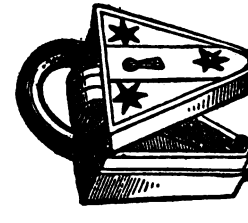
Opposed, standing opposite, confronting, I. i. 9; opposite, III. i. 110.

Orb, sphere; V. i. 17.

Order ta'en, arrangement made; III. i. 71.

O, the father, i.e. by God the Father; II. iv. 419.
Ought, owed; III. iii. 147.
Outdare, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
Outfaced, frightened; II. iv. 274.

Pacified, appeased, III. iii. 188.
Painted cloth, tapestry worked or painted with figures and scenes, with which the walls of rooms were hung; IV. ii. 26.
Palisadoes, pallisades; II. iii. 55.
Paraquito, little parrot, term of endearment; II. iii. 88.
Parcel, item, II. iv. 110; small part, III. ii. 159.
Parley, conversation (of looks); III. i. 204.
Parmaceti, spermaceti, the sperm of the whale; I. iii. 58.
Part; "on his p.," on his behalf (Folios, "*in his behalfe*"), I. iii. 133; share, III. i. 75.
Participation; "vile p.," low companions; III. ii. 87.
Partlet; "Dame P.," the name of the hen in the old story of "Reynard the Fox" (*cp.* Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 57.
Passages; "thy p. of life," the actions of thy life; III. ii. 8.
Passion, sorrow, II. iv. 413; suffering, III. i. 35.
Patience, composure of mind; I. iii. 200.
Paul's, St. Paul's Cathedral; "a constant place of resort for business and amusement"; II. iv. 561.
Peach, betray you, turn King's evidence; II. ii. 46.
Peremptory, bold, unawed; I. iii. 17.
Personal, in person; IV. iii. 88.
Pick-thanks, officious parasites; III. ii. 25.
Pierce, with play on *Percy* (probably pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.
Pinch, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.
Pismires, ants; I. iii. 240.
Play off, toss off at a draught; II. iv. 18.
Point, head of the saddle; II. i. 6.
Pomgarnet, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 42.
Popinjay, parrot; I. iii. 50.
Possess'd, informed; IV. i. 40.
Possession, the possessor; III. ii. 43.
Post, messenger; I. i. 37.
Poulter, poulterer; II. iv. 466.
Pouncet-box, a small smelling



From a XIVth century specimen, formerly in the possession of W. Chaffers, Esq., F. S. A.

box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.

Powder, salt; V. iv. 112.

Power, army, force; I. i. 22.

Precedent, sample; II. iv. 37.

Predicament, condition, category; I. iii. 168.

Presently, immediately; II. i. 65.

Profited, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.

Prologue to an egg and butter, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 23.

Prosperous hope, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.

Protest, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.

Prune, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.

Puke-stocking, (probably) dark-coloured stocking; II. iv. 77.

Purchase, gain, plunder (Folios, "*purpose*"); II. i. 100.

Push; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.

Quality, party; IV. iii. 36.

Question, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.

Quiddities, equivocations; I. ii. 51.

Quilt, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 52.

Quips, sharp jests; I. ii. 49.

Quit, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.

Rabbit-sucker, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 466.

Ramping, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.

Rare, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 69.

Rash, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.

Rated, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.

Rated, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.

Razes, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 25.

Read; "hath r. to me," instructed me; III. i. 46.

Reasons, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 255.

Rebuke, chastisement; V. i. 111.

Red-breast teacher, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.

Regard, opinion; IV. iii. 57.

Remember you, remind you; V. i. 32.

Reprisal, prize; IV. i. 118.

Reproof, confutation, refutation, I. ii. 200, III, ii. 23; angry retorts, III. i. 175.

Respect, attention; IV. iii. 31.

Retires, retreats; II. iii. 54.

Revengement, revenge; III. ii. 7.

Reversion, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.

Rich, fertile; III. i. 105.

Rivo, a common exclamation of topers; II. iv. 121.

Roan, roan-coloured horse; II. iii. 72.

Roundly, roundly, speak out plainly; I. ii. 24.

Royal, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (= 10 shillings; a "noble" = 6s. 8d.); II. iv. 310.

Rub the elbow (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.

Rudely, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.

Sack, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

Sack and sugar, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 120.

Saint Nicholas' clerks, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 66.

Salamander, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 51.

Sarcenet, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

Scandalized, disgraced (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*so scandalized*"); I. iii. 154.

Scot and lot, taxes; V. iv. 115.

Seat, estates; V. i. 45.

Seldom, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

Semblably, similarly; V. iii. 21.

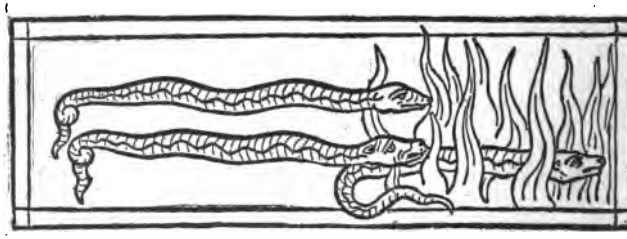
Servant, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

Service, action; III. ii. 5.

Set a match, made an appointment in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Folios "*watch*"); I. ii. 114.

Set off; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

Setter, the one who set the match; II. ii. 52.



Salamanders.
From an illuminated MS. of the XIVth century.

Salt-petre, nitre; I. iii. 60.

Salvation; "upon their s.," *i.e.* by their hopes of salvation (Folios, "*confidence*"); II. iv. 10.

Seven stars, the Pleiades; I. ii. 15.

Shallow, silly, stupid; II. iii. 16.

Shape of likelihood, probability; I. i. 58.

"Shelter, shelter," conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.

Shot-free, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.

Shotten herring, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 140.

Similes, comparisons (Quartos 1-4 and Folio 1, *"smiles"*); I. ii. 85.

Sinew, strength; IV. iv. 17.

Sink or swim, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.

Sirrah, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 188.

Skill, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 226.

Skimble-skamble, wild, confused; III. i. 154.

Skipping, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.

Slovenly, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.

Smug, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.

Sneak-cup, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 95.

Snuff; "took it in snuff," *i.e.* took it as an offence; with a play upon "snuff" in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.

So, howsoever; IV. i. 11.

Solemnity, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.

Soothers, flatterers; IV. i. 7.

Soused gurnet, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 12.

Spanish-pouch, evidently a contemptuous term = drunkard; II. iv. 78.

Speed; "be your s.," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.

Spite, vexation; III. i. 192.

Spleen, waywardness; II. iii. 81.

Spoil, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 12.

Squier, square (Quarto 8, *"squaire"*; Folios 3, 4, *"square"*; the rest *"squire"*); II. ii. 13.

Squire; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," *i.e.* attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 26.

Stain'd, soiled, bespattered (Folio 1, *"strained"*); I. i. 64.

Standing-tuck, rapier set on end; II. iv. 265.

Start; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.

Starting-hole, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 281.

Starve, to starve (Folios *"staru'a"*); I. iii. 159.

Starveling, a starved, lean person; II. i. 75.

Starving, longing; V. i. 81.

State, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 403.

Stay, linger; "we shall stay" = we shall have stayed; IV. ii. 80.

Steal, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.

Stock-fish, dried cod; II. iv. 262.

Stomach, appetite; II. iii. 44.

Strait, strict; IV. iii. 79.

Strappado; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 253.

Strength, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.

Stronds, strands; I. i. 4.

Struck fowl, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 20.

Subornation; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.

Suddenly, very soon; I. iii. 294.

"*Sue his livery,*" to lay legal claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.

Sufferances, sufferings; V. i. 51.

Suggestion, temptation; IV. iii. 51.

Suits, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 77.

Sullen; dark; I. ii. 222.

Summer-house, pleasant retreat, country house; III. i. 164.

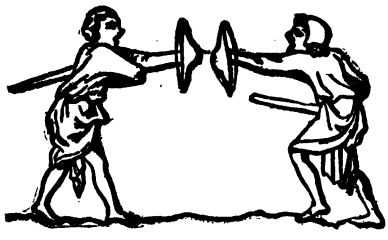
Sunday-citizens, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.

Supply, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.

"*Sutton Co'fil,*" a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Quarto 2, "*Sutton cophill*"; Folios and Quartos 5, 6, 8, "*Sutton-cophill*"); IV. ii. 3.

Swathling clothes, swaddling clothes (Quartos 1, 2, 3, "*swathling*"; the rest, "*swathing*"); III. ii. 112.

Sword-and-buckler, the dis-



Sword and buckler.

(*a*) From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

(*b*) From a XVIth century woodcut.

tinctive weapons of servingmen and riotous fellows; Hotspur seems to despise this exercise, an interesting parody of which is to be seen in the accompanying cut (*b*) of Shakespeare's time; I. iii. 193.

Taffeta, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 11.

Take it, swear; II. iv. 9.

Take me with you, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 492.

Tall, strong, able; I. iii. 62.

Tallow - catch = "tallow-ketch," *i.e.* a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow - keech" (Steevens' conjecture), *i.e.* a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 243.

Target, shield; II. iv. 217.

Tarry, remain, stay; I. ii. 153.

Task'd, taxed; IV. iii. 92.

Tasking, challenge (Quarto 1. "*tasking*"; the rest, "*talking*"); V. ii. 51.

Task me, test me; IV. i. 9.

Taste, test, try the temper (Quarto 2, "*taste*"; Quarto 1, "*tast*"; the rest, "*take*"); IV. i. 119.

Temper, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.

Tench; "stung like a t."; possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 16.

Term, word (Folios and Quartos 7, 8, "*dreame*"; Quartos, 5, 6, "*deame*"); IV. i. 85.

Termagant, an imaginary god of the Mahometans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.

Therefore, for that purpose; I. i. 30.

Thick-eyed, dull-eyed; II. iii. 49.

Thief, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.

Tickle-brain, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 424.

Tinkers, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 20.

Toasts-and-butter, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 20.

Tongue; "the tongue," *i.e.* the English language; III. i. 125.

Topples, throws down; III. i. 32.

Toss, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 68.

Touch, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.

Trace, track, follow; III. i. 48.

Trade-fallen, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 32.

Train, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.

Tranquillity, people who live at ease (Collier MS., "*sanguinity*"); II. i. 83.

Transformation, change of appearance; I. i. 44.

Treasures; "my t.," *i.e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 48.

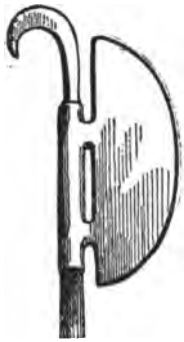
Trench, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.
Trenching, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.
Trick, peculiarity; II. iv. 431.
Trim, ornamental dress; gallant array; IV. i. 113.
Tristful, sorrowful (Quartos, Folios, "*trustful*"; Rowe's correction); II. iv. 420.
Triumph, public festivity; III. iii. 45.
Trojans, cant name for thieves; II. i. 76.
True, honest; I. ii. 117.
Trumpet, trumpeter; "play the t.," act the herald; V. i. 4.
"*Turk Gregory*"; Pope Gregory VII.; V. iii. 46.
Turn'd, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.
Twelve-score, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 583.

Under-skinker, under tapster; II. iv. 26.
Uneven, embarrassing; I. i. 50.
Unhandsome, indecent; I. iii. 44.
Unjointed, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.
Unjust, dishonest; IV. ii. 29.
Unminded, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.
Unsorted, ill-chosen; II. iii. 13.
Unsteadfast, unsteady; I. iii. 193.
Untaught, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.
Unwashed; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 199.
Unyoked, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 206.
Up, up in arms; III. ii. 120.

Valued, being considered; III. ii. 177.
Vassal, servile; III. ii. 124.
Vasty, vast; III. i. 53.
Velvet-guards, trimmings of velvet; hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.
Virtue, valour; II. iv. 129.
Vizards, visors, masks; I. ii. 136.

Waiting; "w. in the court," *i.e.* "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 75.
Wake, waking; III. i. 219.
Want; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.
Wanton, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.
Ward, posture when on guard; II. iv. 209.
Wards, guards in fencing, postures of defence; I. ii. 198.
Warm, ease-loving; IV. ii. 18.
Wasp-stung (So Quarto 1; Quartos and Folios, "*wasp-tongue*" or "*wasp-tongued*"; irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236.
Watering, drinking; II. iv. 17.
Wear, carry, bear (Folios, "*wore*"); I. iii. 162.

ell, rightly; IV. iii. 94.
ell-beseeming, well becoming; I. i. 14.
ell-respected, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.
elsh hook; II. iv. 372. (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)



From a specimen preserved in Carnarvon Castle.

What! an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.
Whereupon, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.
Which, who; III. i. 46.
Wild of Kent, weald of K.; II. i. 59.
Wilful-blame, wilfully blameable; III. i. 177.
Wind, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.
Witch, bewitch; IV. i. 110.
Withal, with; II. iv. 552.
Worship, honour, homage; III. ii. 151.
Wrung in the withers, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 6.

Yedward, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 142.
Yet, even now; I. iii. 77.
Younker, greenhorn; III. iii. 88.

Zeal, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.

'*Hostess, I forgive thee*' (iii. 192.)
From the frontispiece to *Wits, or Sports upon Sports*; printed for Henry Marsh, 1662.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5. '*No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,*' etc.; Folio 4, '*entrails*' for '*entrance*'; Steevens, '*entrants*'; Mason, '*Erinnys*'; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand": 'entrance' probably = '*the mouth* of the earth or *soil.*'

I. i. 28. '*now is twelve month old,*' so Quartos 1, 2; Folios, '*is a twelve-month old*'; Quartos 7, 8, '*is but twelve months old.*'

I. i. 71. '*Mordake the Earl of Fife*'; this was Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II." ('the' first supplied by Pope).

I. ii. 16. '*that wandering knight so fair,*' an allusion to 'El Donzel del Febo,' the 'Knight of the Sun,' whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—"*The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood; Wherein is shewed the Wohthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer.* . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

> "*He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very*
> *Donzel del Phebo of the time.*"

I. ii. 45. '*Of Hybla,*' reading of Quartos, omitted in Folios; '*my old lad of the castle*'; probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).

I. ii. 95, 96. '*For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it*'; an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 128. '*Albeit I make a hazard of my head*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*Although it be with hazard of my head.*'

I. iii. 193. '*The unsteadfast footing of a spear,*' probably an al-

lusion to the practice of ancient heroes, *e.g.* Lancelot as in the annexed cut, to make a bridge by means of a sword or spear.

From an ivory casket of the XIVth century.

I. iii. 201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides —"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).

I. iii. 253. *'when his . . . age,' cp. Richard II.* Act II. iii. 48, 9, *'as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense.'*

II. i. 84. *'great oneyers,'* probably a jocose term for 'great ones,' with perhaps a pun on *'owners'*; various emendations have been proposed, *e.g. 'oneraires,' 'moneyers,' 'seignors,' 'owners,' 'mynheers,' 'overseers,'* etc.

II. iii. 90. *'I'll break thy little finger,'* an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.

II. iv. *'Boar's-Head Tavern,'* the original tavern in Eastcheap was burnt down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays.*

II. iv. 131. *'pitiful-hearted Titan,'* so the early editions: Theobald suggested *'butter'* for *'Titan,'* and the emendation has been generally adopted.

II. iv. 134. *'here's lime in this sack,' cp.* Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages,* that the Spanish sacks "for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give

rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."

II. iv. 144. *'I would I were a weaver'*; weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders, to escape persecution.

II. iv. 148. *'dagger of lath,'* like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. 261. *'you elf-skin'*; so the Quartos and Folios; Hanmer, *'eel-skin'* (*cp. 2 Henry IV.* III. ii. 345); Johnson, *'elfkin.'*

II. iv. 362. *'O, Glendower,'* (?) perhaps we should read, *'Owen Glendower.'*

II. iv. 413. *'King Cambyses' vein'*; an allusion to a ranting play called *'A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia'* (1570).

II. iv. 427. *The camomile*, etc., *cp.* Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): *'Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth.'*

II. iv. 484. *'that reverend vice,'* etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; 'Iniquity' and 'Vanity' were among the names given to the character, according to the particular *'Vice'* held up to ridicule.

II. iv. 527. *'mad,'* Folios 3, 4; the rest *'made.'*

II. iv. 534. *'The devil on a fiddle stick,'* a proverbial expression denoting anything new and strange, which may have originated in the Puritan dislike to music and dancing. Hence perhaps the common notion of fiends and witches riding on brooms as in accompanying illustration from an old chap-book.

II. iv. 563. *'Peto'*; probably 'Poins,' according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply 'P.' The Cambridge editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins.

III. i. 150., etc. *'telling me of the moldwarp,' cp. Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559:

"And for it to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should divide his kingdom them among."

III. i. 160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 5860:—

"Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,
And chiding wives maken men to flee
Out of her owen hous";

Vaughan adds the following:—"It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate:

'Three things will drive a man from home:
A roof that leaks,
A house that reeks,
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'"

III. ii. 32. *'Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,' i.e.* 'by thy rude or violent conduct'; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Chief Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 38. *'doth'*; Quartos and Folios, 'do,' which may be explained as due to the plural implied in *'every man'*; Rowe, *'does'*; Collier MS., *'doth.'*

III. ii. 62. *'carded his state'*; *'to card'* is often used in Elizabethan English in the sense of 'to mix, or debase by mixing' (*e.g.* *"You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong,"* Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested *'carded'* "'scarded," *i.e.* *"discarded"*; but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. 'To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix'; the meaning is brought out by a quotation from Topsell's Four-footed Beasts (1607), "As for his diet, let it be warm mashes, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."

III. ii. 154. *'if He be pleased I shall perform'*; the reading of Quartos; Folio 1, *'if I performe, and doe survive'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"if I promise, and doe survive,"* etc.

III. ii. 164. *'Lord Mortimer of Scotland,'* a mistake for Lord

March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.

A vessel of the early XVth century. From the seal of John Holland, Lord Admiral of England, 1417.

III. iii. 29. '*lantern in poop.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

III. iii. 38. '*By this fire, that's God's angel*'; the latter words omitted in Folios and Quartos after Quarto 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.

III. iii. 139. '*neither fish nor flesh,*' alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

III. iii. 164. '*I pray God my girdle break*'; an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.

IV. i. 31. '*that inward sickness*—'; Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.

IV. i. 85. '*term of fear*'; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) '*dream*' for '*term.*'

IV. i. 98. '*All plumed . . . wing the wind*'; the Camb. ed. read:—

> "*All plumed like estridges that with the wind*
> *Baited like eagles having lately bathed*';

this, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropt out after *wind,* and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

> "*Run on, in gallant trim they now advance*";

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read '*wing the wind*' for '*with*' has had many supporters, though it is said that '*wing the wind*' applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II.*, 310-313) to justify it:—

> *"Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales*
> *Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,*
> *Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis*
> *Pulverulenta volat"*;

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from *'winging the wind.'* "But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, "take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

> *"Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs*
> *Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*
> COLUMBUS, Canto viii.

baited = *baiting; to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

'having lately bathed'; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*."

IV. ii. 29. *'younger sons to younger brothers,' i.e.* 'men of desperate fortune and wild adventure'; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War*.

V. i. *Stage direction.* The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. 13. *'old limbs'*; Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.

V. ii. 8. *'suspicion'*; Rowe's emendation for *'supposition'* of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of *'suspicion'* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr. William Alabaster.

V. ii. 18. *'adopted name of privilege,' i.e.* the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.

V. ii. 33. *'Douglas'* must here be read as a trisyllable.

V. ii. 60. *'By still dispraising praise valued with you'*; omitted by Pope and others as 'foolish,' but defended by Johnson—"to

vilify praise, compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."

V. ii. 72. *'so wild a libertine'*; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Folios, *'at libertie,'* and Quartos 1-4 *'a libertie'*; Theobald punctuated the line thus: 'of any prince, so wild, at liberty'; others proposed *'wild o' liberty,'* which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.

V. iii. 46, 47. *'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms'*; Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History*, hath made Gregory (*i.e.* Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

V. iv. 81. *'But thought's the slave of life,'* etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1.:—

> *'But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,*
> *And time that takes survey of all the world,*
> *Must have a stop.'*

i.e. "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).

V. iv. 167. *'Grow great,'* so Quartos; Folios, *'grow great again.'*

V. v. 41. *'sway'*; Folios and later Quartos *'way.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

34-46. *My liege,* etc.:—The matter of the passage is thus related by Holinshed: "Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble togither against him, under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March. But comming to trie the matter by battell, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned, that the English power was discomfitted, the earle taken prisoner, and above a thousand of his people slaine in the place. The shamefull villanie used by the Welshwomen towards the dead carcasses was such as honest eares would be ashamed to heare, and continent toongs to speake thereof. The dead bodies might not be buried, without great summes of monie given for libertie to conveie them awaie."

92-95. *the prisoners,* etc.:—Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife: for, he being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

Scene II.

2. [*Prince.*] We see the Prince, as Brandes says, "plunging into the most boyish and thoughtless diversions, in company with

topers, tavern-wenches, and pot-boys; but we see, also, that he is magnanimous, and full of profound admiration for Harry Percy, that admiration for a rival of which Percy himself was incapable. And he rises, ere long, above this world of triviality and make-believe to the true height of his nature. His alert self-esteem, his immovable self-confidence, can early be traced in minor touches. When Falstaff asks him if 'his blood does not thrill' to think of the alliance between three such formidable foes as Percy, Douglas, and Glendower, he dismisses with a smile all idea of fear. A little later, he plays upon his truncheon of command as upon a fife. He has the great carelessness of the great natures; he does not even lose it when he feels himself unjustly suspected. At bottom he is a good brother, a good son, a great patriot; and he has the makings of a great ruler."

111, 112. *'tis my vocation,* etc.:—We shall err greatly, if we believe all that Shakespeare's characters say of themselves; for, like other men, they do not see themselves as others see them, nor indeed as they are. And this especially in case of Sir John, who seldom speaks of himself even as he sees himself; that is, he speaks for art, not for truth: and a part of his humour lies in all sorts of caricatures and exaggerations about himself; what he says being often designed on purpose to make himself a laughing-stock, that he may join in the laughter. Such appears to be the case in what he here charges himself with. For his *vocation* throughout the play is that of a soldier, which is also the vocation of the Prince. But the trade of a soldier was at that time notoriously trimmed and adorned with habits of plundering; so that to set it forth as a purse-taking vocation, was but a stroke of humorous exaggeration, finely spiced with satire, both as regarded the Prince and himself. The exploit at Gadshill is the only one of the kind that we hear of in the play.

120. *Sack and Sugar*:—A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. The learned archdeacon Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. Thus in Blount's *Glossographias* "*Sherry sack,* so called from *Xeres,* a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Markham's *English Housewife*: "Your best sacks are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack,* is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*. It appears, however, that there were divers *sacks*. Thus in Howell's *Londin-*

opolis: "I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought into this reign but Malmseys." And again: "Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." And still more conclusively in Venners's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637: "But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste."

Scene III.

29 *et seq.* [*Hotspur.*] Shakespeare has put forth all his poetic strength in giving to Percy's speeches, and especially to his descriptions, the most graphic definiteness of detail, and a naturalness which raises into higher sphere the racy audacity of Faulconbridge. Hotspur sets about explaining how it happened that he refused to hand over his prisoners to the King, and begins his defence by describing the courtier who demanded them of him; but he is not content with a general outline, or with relating what this personage said with regard to the prisoners; he gives examples even of his talk. Why this dwelling upon trivial and ludicrous details? Because it is a touch of reality and begets illusion. Precisely because we cannot at first see the reason why Percy should recall such trifling circumstances, it seems impossible that the thing should be a mere invention. Henry Percy stands before our eyes, covered with dust and blood, as on the field of Holmedon. We see the courtier at his side holding his nose as the bodies are carried past, and we hear him giving the young commander his medical advice and irritating him to the verge of frenzy.

34, 35. *his chin new reap'd*, etc.:—To understand this the reader should bear in mind that the courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a *stubble-land new reap'd*.

83. *that great magician, damn'd Glendower*:—The reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "About mid August [1402] the King went with a great power of men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labour; for Owen conveied himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was

thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the Kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the King was constreined to returne home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a great part of the countrie."

84, 85. *Whose daughter,* etc.:—So in Holinshed: "Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, prisoner with Owen Glendour, whether for irksomnesse of cruell captivitie, or feare of death, or for what other cause, it is uncerteine, agreed to take part with Owen against the King of England, and tooke to wife the daughter of the said Owen." But the Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV., and was not original with him.

106. *hid his crisp head*:—The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's Masques:—

> "The rivers run as smoothèd by his hand,
> Only their *heads* are *crispèd* by his stroke."

In 1762 some very profound genius put forth *A Dialogue on Taste,* wherein the passage in the text is commented on thus: "Nature could never have pointed out, that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman such as Percy, to say the thing that was not." A piece of criticism which, though hugely curious, probably need not be criticised. Yet we might ask whether Milton be not guilty of an equal sin against nature, when he represents Sabrina, a tutelary power of the Severn, as rising, attended by water nymphs and singing,—

> "By the rushy-fringèd bank,
> Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
> My sliding chariot stays."

146. *next of blood*:—Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385, but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II. previous to his

last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger. He was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.

201, 202. *By heaven,* etc.:—Kreyssig contrasts Hotspur's passion for honour with Falstaff's indifference to it (V. i.): "Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no." Henry, in this matter, is equally remote from Falstaff and from Hotspur.

230. *sword-and-buckler*:—The meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by a passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*: "This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man,* from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword.*" And John Florio, in his *First Fruites,* 1578: "What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler.* What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*An inn yard.*] "No sooner," says Brandes, "has the rebellion been hatched in the royal palace than the second Act opens with a scene in an inn yard on the Dover road. It is just daybreak; some carriers cross the yard with their lanterns, going to the stable to saddle their horses; they hail each other, gossip, and tell each other how they have passed the night. Not a word do they say about Prince Henry or Falstaff; they talk of the price of oats, and of how 'this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.' Their speeches have nothing to do with the action; they merely sketch its locality and put the audience in tune for it; but seldom in poetry has so much been effected in so few words. The night sky, with Charles' Wain 'over the new chimney,' the flickering gleam of the lanterns in the dirty yard, the fresh air of the early dawn, the misty atmosphere, the mingled odour of damp peas and beans, of bacon and ginger, all comes straight home to our senses. The situation takes hold of us with all the irresistible force of reality."

12, 13. *the price of oats*:—The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

22. *breeds fleas like a loach*:—It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas: "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed *fleas* and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." The meaning here, however, appears to be, "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches"; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

28. *turkeys*:—This is one of the Poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

36. *two o'clock*:—The Carrier has just said, "An it be not *four* by the day, I 'll be hanged." Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

53-56. *quoth the chamberlain*, etc.:—The chamberlain was a tavern officer or servant. Attendants of this class often conspired with highwaymen and shared in their booty. Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605: "He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."

Scene II.

2. *frets like a gummed velvet*:—Thus in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I 'll come among you, like *gum* into taffata, to *fret, fret*." Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

Scene III.

[*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

39. *Kate*:—Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife, which was *Elizabeth*, or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

Scene IV.

[*The Boar's-Head Tavern.*] Ulrici says: "Between the purely historical elements to which we have hitherto confined our attention, and which Shakespeare's masterly skill has combined into a grand and harmonious work of art—between this purely historical representation which is based entirely upon a serious and profound contemplation of history, there are interspersed, in both parts of the drama, scenes of an entirely comic character, not merely to ridicule the serious aspect presented by history, but which seem to stand in no sort of inner connection with the action or with the motives forming its basis. Falstaff and his boon companions Poins, Peto, Pistol, Bardolph, Mrs. Quickly, etc., are wholly unhistorical persons. No sort of affinity can be proved to exist between the J. Falstolfe who commanded in the so-called Bataille des Harengs under Henry VI., and our knight (Sir John); Shakespeare assuredly never thought of any such connection (as is proved even by the difference of the name, and still more by the circumstance that the famous corpulent knight, in Shakespeare, was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, and rechristened Falstaff only upon a demand of the Puritans who honoured a man of the same name among their sect). Yet these scenes fill almost one half of the whole play. In no other historical drama of Shakespeare's do we find such a total division of the subject. It is true that he has elsewhere introduced comic and freely invented scenes, but always merely incidentally as intermediate scenes, which, as such, if closely examined, always have their good meaning, inasmuch as they are intended to represent some secondary motive of the action. Here, on the other hand, the comic and unhistorical portions are so strikingly elaborate, that the questions as to their justification becomes a vital point as regards the historical and æsthetic value of the whole drama."

17. *when you breathe in your watering*:—That is, when you stop and take breath while drinking. So in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:—

> "A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,
> *Play it away*, we 'll have no stoppes and stayes;
> Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?
> No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."

Thus also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanely, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left

nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

240. *These lies*:—We cannot persuade ourselves that Falstaff thinks of deceiving anybody by this string of "incomprehensible lies." He tells them, surely, not expecting or intending them to be believed, but partly for the pleasure he takes in the excited play of his faculties, partly for the surprise he causes by his still more incomprehensible feats of dodging; that is, they are studied self-exposures to invite an attack; that he may provoke his hearers to come down upon him, and then witch them with his facility and felicity in extricating himself. Thus his course here is all of a piece with his usual practice of surrounding himself with difficulties, the better to exercise and evince his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; as knowing that the more he entangles himself in his talk, the richer will be the effect when by a word he slips off the entanglement. We shrewdly suspect that he knew the truth all the while, but determined to fall in with and humour the joke, on purpose to make sport for himself and the Prince; and at the same time to retort their deception by pretending to be ignorant of their doings and designs. At all events, we must needs think it were a huge impeachment of his sense, to suppose that in telling such gross and palpable lies he has any thought of being believed.

288, 289. *should I turn*, etc.:—The logic of this passage even beats the wit, fine as is the latter. The Prince was not "the true prince," according to the settled rule of succession. The logic is, that none but a man composed and framed of royalty could inspire a lion with such fear; and on the other hand no beast but the lion is brave and gentle enough to feel this instinctive respect for royalty. So that Falstaff's running from him proves him to be what he is not, and is alike honourable to them both.

535. *hide thee behind the arras*:—When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

547, 548. *The man*, etc.:—Shakespeare has been blamed for ma-

king the Prince utter this falsehood. Surely the blame were more justly visited on the Prince than on the Poet. Shakespeare did not mean to set forth the connection with Falstaff as altogether harmless; and if he had done so, he would have been untrue to nature. The Prince is indeed censurable; yet not so much for telling the falsehood as for letting himself into a necessity either to do so, or to betray his accomplice. What he does is bad enough; but were it not still worse to expose Falstaff in an act which himself has countenanced?

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Hotspur.*] From first to last, from top to toe, Hotspur is the hero of the feudal ages, indifferent to culture and polish, faithful to his brother-in-arms to the point of risking everything for his sake, caring neither for state, king, nor commons; a rebel, not for the sake of any political idea, but because independence is all in all to him; a proud, self-reliant, unscrupulous vassal, who, himself a sort of sub-king, has deposed one king, and wants to depose the usurper he has exalted, because he has not kept his promises. Clothed in renown, and ever more insatiate of military honour, he is proud from independence of spirit and truthful out of pride. He is a marvellous figure as Shakespeare has projected him, stammering, absent, turbulent, witty, now simple, now magniloquent. His hauberk clatters on his breast, his spurs jingle at his heel, wit flashes from his lips, while he moves and has his being in a golden nimbus of renown.

12-16. *at my nativity,* etc.:—The singular behaviour of nature at the birth of Glendower is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativitie of this man; for the same night he was borne all his fathers horsses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies." And in 1402 a blazing star appeared, which the Welsh bards construed as foretokening success to Glendower.

39, 40. So in the description of an earthquake at Catania, quoted by Malone: "There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

72-79. *The archdeacon*, etc.:—This matter is thus given by Holinshed: "They by their deputies, in the house of the Archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the Earle of March; all Wales and the lands beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendour; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the Lord Persie."

196. *my aunt Percy*:—Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and therefore of course aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

264. *turn tailor*:—Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to *sing* is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

Scene II.

1. *the Prince of Wales*:—Henry Percy is by no means the hero of the play. He is only the foil to the hero, throwing into relief the young Prince's unpretentious nature, his careless sporting with rank and dignity, his light-hearted contempt for all conventional honour, all show and appearance. Every garland with which Hotspur wreathes his helm is destined in the end to deck the brows of Henry of Wales. The answer to Hotspur's question as to what has become of the madcap Prince of Wales and his comrades, shows what colours Shakespeare has held in reserve for the portraiture of his true hero.

39-47. *Had I so lavish . . . wonder'd at*:—Brandes says: "The political developments arising from Henry IV.'s wrongful seizure of the throne of Richard II. afford the groundwork of the play. The King, situated partly like Louis Philippe, partly like Napoleon III., does all he can to obliterate the memory of his usurpation. But he does not succeed. Why not? Shakespeare gives a twofold answer. First there is the natural, human reason: the relation of characters and circumstances. The King has risen

by the 'fell working' of his friends; he is afraid of falling again before their power. His position forces him to be mistrustful, and his mistrust repels every one from him, first Mortimer, then Percy, then, as nearly as possible, his own son. Secondly, we have the prescribed religious reason: that wrong avenges itself, that punishment follows upon the heels of guilt—in a word, the so-called principle of 'poetic justice.' If only to propitiate the censorship and the police, Shakespeare could not but do homage to this principle. It was bad enough that the theatres should be suffered to exist at all; if they so far forgot themselves as to show vice unpunished and virtue unrewarded, the playwright would have to be sternly brought to his senses. The character of the King is a masterpiece. He is the shrewd, mistrustful, circumspect ruler, who has made his way to the throne by dint of smiles and pressures of the hand, has employed every artifice for making an impression, has first ingratiated himself with the populace by his affability, and has then been sparing of his personal presence."

103. *in debt to years*:—The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.

Scene III.

28, 29. *lantern in the poop*, etc.:—So Dekker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1603: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*. The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East India voyage, to have stood a nights in the poope of their Admiral, only to save the charges of candles."

79, 80. *eight shillings an ell*:—This, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarsely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

2. *In this fine age*:—The untamed and violent spirit of feudal nobility, the reckless and adventurous activity of the English race, the masculine nature itself in its uncompromising genuineness, all those vast and infinite forces which lie deep under the surface and determine the life of a whole period, a whole people, and one half of humanity, are at work in Hotspur. Elaborated to infinitesimal detail, this character yet includes the immensities into which thought must plunge if it would seek for the conditions and ideals of a historic epoch.

Scene II.

[*Falstaff.*] "Swindling, peculation, ill-faith, and fraud," says Lloyd, "had never a better chance of being popular than when combined with the exhaustless wit, humour, good-humour, and general amusingness of Jack Falstaff, and laxity and grossness of body, life, and manners could never go so far to assert their independence of necessary viciousness and vileness, as when brightened by the gleams and sparkles, the lambent phosphorescence and piercing radiance, of his equally fanciful and intellectual invention. Yet the very course and occasion of the manifestation of these enchaining endowments, is the means of setting forth the natural sequence by which idleness, frivolousness, and sensuality bring on and ally with meanness of spirit and of aims, heartlessness, and even malice and murder; and as the action proceeds we become either ashamed of our sympathy with him, or alarmed at the risk we run by continuing any portion of it." And on the original of Falstaff Lloyd remarks: "In 1597, the earliest year we can trace the play in which Falstaff first appeared, the parents of Shakespeare, doubtless with his consent and advice, were parties to a suit which charged the defendant, a neighbour, though not, it would seem, a fellow townsman, with breach of contract in refusal to surrender land near Stratford for a valuable consideration. John Shakespeare, as appears from the bill in Chancery discovered by Malone, mortgaged the land he acquired with his wife for £40 to Edmund Lambert, of Barton on the Heath; but on the tender of repayment at an agreed date, thus the complaint avers,

the money was refused unless other moneys owing were also repaid, and possession of the property withheld by Edmund Lambert, and John, his son and heir after him. . . . I do not hesitate, therefore, to conclude that for some of the roguery and some of the bulk at least, if not the wit, that make up Jack Falstaff, the world is under obligations, and ought to own them, to Goodman Lambert of Barton."

Scene IV.

13-26. *I fear, Sir Michael,* etc.:—Good faith and mutual confidence well founded, are the bond and tie of alliance, but when the time of muster comes, the presage of earlier scenes of appointments ill kept, is fulfilled. Northumberland absent sick—craftily sick it turns out; Owen Glendower, not come in in deference to his prophecies; and Mortimer, the very pretext of the rebellion, away also; while of those who arrive, Vernon and Worcester falsify the royal proposals, and misdeliver the result of the embassy, to no availing end at last. Lightness, superstition, ill-faith, over-confidence, precipitancy, and some bluster are thus in alliance with no more firmness than might be expected, and this against the steadfast and deliberate power of Henry Bolingbroke.

27, 28. *the king hath drawn,* etc.:—We see the able, energetic, and crafty King vexed by the pride of the powerful nobles, who had helped him to the crown and are reminiscent of the time when he himself, a powerful noble, stood in hardy opposition to his King. There is jealousy, and distrust, and provocation on either side, but Henry stands as the representative of the kingdom, of the injuries or discontents of which we hear nothing; and the Percies take thus the unfavoured part of disturbers of the public peace, whose private wrongs, even as they state them, do not claim much sympathy, as they are at least as guilty as the King. The description of civil war at the beginning assists the imagination, and also helps the reason to true judgement of the disorder and its origin. In Richard II. the crown is borne down by the resistance of an injured and high-spirited nobleman to general tyranny; the same contest is now to be renewed, but on more equal terms; and vigour, precaution, and kingly spirit are now matched in opposition against nobles, high-spirited, and it may be injured, but representing no national injuries—no public cause.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter the King . . . and Falstaff.*] "Henry's reign," observes Ulrici, "was in reality not disturbed by external hostilities and attacks, his government was internally weak and corrupt; he and his barons suffered because justice and morality, the foundations of political life, were in a state of decay. No reign, therefore, is so poor in true historical action, in creative, formative and improving ideas, so powerless in establishing new and lasting forms. The reign was of historical importance only as a transition stage in the further development of the great historical tragedy, and accordingly could not be passed over. Taken by itself Henry's reign turns solely upon *outwardly* establishing the usurped sovereignty, and is therefore without true value, without internal animation, and without progress to a better state of things. Hence in its outward actions it is wholly absorbed in empty externals and formalities, in semblance and untruth. Henry IV.—whom even Richard II. had described as an excellent actor, and who, in the present drama, himself expressly boasts of his skill in acting—is the chief and greatest among a number of stage heroes, who, it is true, are personally in bitter earnest with the representation of their several parts, but who are nevertheless only acting a play. To give a clear exhibition of this unreality, this semblance, this histrionic parade, was—consciously or unconsciously—the Poet's intention in placing the comic scenes so immediately by the side of the historical action, and in allowing them step by step to accompany the course of the latter."

2. *busky*:—Some editions have *bosky*, which has the same meaning of wooded. "I do not know," says Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmond Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill." Milton's *Comus* has this passage, laden with poetical wealth:—

> "I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every *bosky* bourn from side to side,
> My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

60. *the cuckoo's bird*:—The fact, as has been scientifically ascertained since Shakespeare's time, is, that the cuckoo has a habit of

laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home, and from the objects of her tender solicitude. Thus Dr. Jenner, writing in 1787: "I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrows' eggs." And Colonel Montagu found a cuckoo "a few days old in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a garden close to a cottage." Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's *Pliny*, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird; and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird.

122. *bestride me*:—In the battle of Agincourt, Prince Henry, who was then king, did this act of friendship for his brother the Duke of Gloucester.

Scene II.

29. *Deliver up . . . Westmoreland*:—He had been retained by Hotspur in pledge for the safe return of Worcester.

Scene III.

58. *Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*:—This is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. The play on *Percy* indicates that the first syllable of this name and the word *pierce* had the same sound.

Scene IV.

[*Another part of the field.*] Ulrici says: "In the first part [of *Henry IV.*] the battle of Shrewsbury forms the catastrophe, the centre and aim of the action. In this part the nature of feudalism is represented more from its chivalrous aspect. The barons, in whom this element predominates, who are more knights than

feudal lords—Percy, Douglas, Mortimer and Blunt—are the leaders of the events. Hence we have here, of course, preëminently a representation of the nature of personal prowess, the foundation of chivalry. Percy is the representative of that inborn, natural valour, that unbridled conceit in the power of the individual I. that reckless courage of the knight errant which heedlessly throws itself into danger, nay, which finds pleasure in it, and seeks for it because it is necessary for the development of his nature, for his enjoyment and for the gratification of his ambition. Prince Henry, on the other hand, is the representative of that other and higher valour which is of an entirely intellectual nature, consisting in the mind's conscious superiority over danger, whether it be to overcome it, or to remain the victor in spite of being apparently vanquished."

35-38. *I fear,* etc.:—The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the King, crieng saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downee, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the Kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The King indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

98. *these fair rites,* etc.:—"The old chivalrous times," says Clarke, "afforded many instances of these acts of gentle observance between mutually adverse knights, when one was overthrown; and Shakespeare has here commemorated a specially beautiful one, by making his hero to screen a foe's mangled face in the moment of death, amid the turmoil and distortion of a battle-field."

151, 152. *by Shrewsbury clock*:—In mentioning this church-clock by its name, Shakespeare gives the humorous effect of pretended exactness to Falstaff's account of his exploit, and also reminds the audience of the exact site of the scene they are witnessing, and the great event then enacting—the battle of Shrewsbury.

Scene V.

1. *Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke*:—The conclusion of the whole matter may be thus summarized from Holinshed: The

Prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. The Prince, encouraged by his father's doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the King's enemies were vanquished and put to flight; in which flight the Earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness of the King frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the Earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter-forth of all this mischief, Sir Richard Vernon, with divers other. The Earl of Worcester, the Baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded.

Questions on 1 Henry IV.

1. In the order of historic chronology, where does the present play belong among the historical dramas of Shakespeare?
2. When was it probably written?
3. What evidences of maturity have been noted in this play as compared with *King John*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*?
4. Mention the sources of the play. Point out some historical inaccuracies.

ACT FIRST.

5. Review the part played by Bolingbroke in the preceding drama, *Richard II.* How does King Henry review this in the opening speech of the present play?
6. Define the literary quality of this speech.
7. To what enterprise is the King about to turn his attention?
8. What reports of troubles in Wales and in the north put aside the King's enterprise?
9. How are Harry Percy and Prince Hal first shown in contrast? What theme, sounded in various keys throughout this play, is first given out in the King's speech?
10. Is the purpose of the play to demonstrate the irony of the King's feeling about Prince Hal?
11. What is Worcester's attitude towards the King? What position has Percy taken which foreshadows rupture with the King?
12. Where does Sc. ii. take place? What is implied by not introducing a common meeting-ground, such as a tavern?
13. How is Falstaff's habit of life presented at the opening of Sc. ii.? Comment upon his good nature, his imagination, his mental alertness, his ability to win laughter and good-humoured toleration.
14. What is implied by the term *buff jerkin*? How is it used twice in this play?
15. Tell what is implied by the Prince's application to Falstaff of the terms, *thou latter spring! . . . All-hallown summer!*

16. Show the purpose in the elucidation of Falstaff's character of the robbery plotted in the latter half of Sc. ii.

17. Comment on the bearing of the Prince towards his associates. Does it prepare one for the soliloquy with which the Scene closes? What is the dramatic purpose of this soliloquy in the larger scheme of the drama? Where is its correlative?

18. Can one escape the feeling that the Prince is a prig? Does Shakespeare intend that an impression unfavourable to the Prince shall be derived? What led the Prince to choose such associates?

19. What traits does Sc. iii. show in the King that have been already discerned in the Prince?

20. Who was dismissed from the council?

21. What impression of Hotspur do you get from his defense of himself to the King? Characterize Blunt's speech (line 70 *et seq.*).

22. Relative to Mortimer, what request did Hotspur make of the King, and how was it answered? What confusion does Shakespeare make in this discussion of Mortimer of two individuals bearing that name?

23. Who was *Richard, that sweet lovely rose*? What are the facts relative to him here alluded to? Why the above epithet?

24. How does Worcester characterize the speech of Hotspur? Does the Poet overdo Hotspur in this place, or is his vehemence of language natural to one of his temperament?

25. Who proposes the plot? How was the act foreshadowed? What details of the plot are formulated? Wherein is it weak?

ACT SECOND.

26. Show how Sc. i. prepares for the second Scene by suggesting the action and the actors, also by creating the proper atmosphere.

27. What clue to his nature does Falstaff afford in his soliloquy (Sc. ii.) that helps us to understand his non-moral character?

28. Who is the probable writer of the letter shown at the opening of Sc. iii.? Why was the author left unnamed? What part does the letter play in the evolution of the plot?

29. What type of woman was Lady Percy?

30. What side of his nature does Hotspur show to women? Especially note the effect of Hotspur's rejoinder after Lady Percy's long speech. What was Percy's preoccupation of mind during her delivery of it?

31. Was the purpose of the dramatist (Sc. iv.) any other than that alleged by the Prince in presenting the joke played upon the drawer Francis?

32. Explain and account for the mood of the Prince shown in lines 107-122 of Sc. iv.

33. Explain Falstaff's allusion in line 147 *et seq.* What is the humour of it?

34. Why does Poins instead of the Prince take up Falstaff's accusation of coward? What trait of Falstaff is immediately exploited?

35. Why does the lying of Falstaff not offend our moral scruples?

36. What dramatic expedient temporarily takes Falstaff out of the Scene after line 317? What is the quality of Bardolph's wit?

37. Contrast the power of creating humorous diversion possessed respectively by the Prince and by Falstaff, as seen in the Francis episode and in the mock scene of the Prince's examination by his father.

38. What subtle purpose has Falstaff in openly playing false to his associates in friendship with the Prince?

39. What two threads tie the action with subsequent scenes?

ACT THIRD.

40. What fantastic qualities are displayed by Glendower? Why fantastic rather than poetic? Are these traits racial?

41. Why does Percy enter upon a bickering-match with him?

42. How does the tripartite division of England among the revolters help to point the weakness of the insurrection?

43. What effect is produced by the dispute over the equality of the division?

44. What is the purpose of the scene with the ladies? Indicate the effect of music here. How does this scene help to foreshadow the failure of the revolt?

45. In what way is the conscience of the King troubled? How does he believe himself punished?

46. By what means did Henry secure the good-will of the people, and hence the throne? How does he describe the habit of Richard II.?

47. What is Henry's attitude towards Prince Hal? What is

the Prince's attitude towards his father? Does the King understand the Prince?

48. In Scene ii., after line 128, how might King Henry have gone on and unfolded to the Prince the rationale of the revolt and seen in it, as regards himself, a visitation of nemesis?

49. How much of the philosophic temper had he, added to his immense practical resourcefulness?

50. Comment on the artfulness of the King in touching the chord most calculated to arouse the loyalty of the Prince.

51. What is the effect of Scenes i. and ii. shown in contrast? Where is the climax of the play? What Napoleonic policy does the King profess at the end of Sc. ii.?

52. What is the humorous effect of Falstaff's laying his faults on the company he keeps? How does Falstaff disclose the manner of his return from the Gadshill expedition?

53. Compare Falstaff's scolding-match with Dame Quickly with that between Hotspur and Glendower.

54. How does Falstaff end the quarrel with the Hostess?

ACT FOURTH.

55. Mention the various speeches of compliment to Douglas that the play contains.

56. What is the first stage in the fall of the action? On what ground does Northumberland urge the prosecution of the plans?

57. What face does Hotspur put on the absence of Northumberland to show to the advantage of the insurgents?

58. What effect is produced by the manner of presenting the character of the opposition coming to meet them and the curtailment of their own forces? Comment on the demonic power displayed by Percy.

59. How does he speak of the Prince of Wales?

60. How is it shown that the cause is lost even before the fighting begins?

61. How did Falstaff recruit his regiment? How does he describe it? What is Falstaff's state of mind in delivering his soliloquy in Sc. ii.?

62. How is the council of war (Sc. iii.) divided in opinion? What message is received from the King?

63. What facts concerning Henry, not already presented in the

play, does Hotspur advance? What facts contained in the earlier parts of the play does Hotspur rehearse?

64. How has the Archbishop of York been referred to in earlier parts of the play? Estimate his character as displayed in Sc. iv.

ACT FIFTH.

65. What was the appearance of the sky on the day of the battle? What is the purpose of the visit of Worcester and Vernon to the King? Of what does Worcester accuse the King?

66. Is this speech of Worcester necessary for purposes of exposition?

67. What message does the Prince send to Hotspur?

68. What is the effect of the Prince's rebuke to Falstaff in line 29, Sc. i.?

69. In what different lights, in the course of the play, has the subject of honour been presented? Show the humour of Falstaff's arguments; their common sense and their fallacy.

70. Is Worcester's temper more that of the statesman than that of the soldier? Had he lost heart in his affair after his visit to the King?

71. What is the mood of Hotspur before the battle? What hopes had he of success? What is the effect of Vernon's recital of praises of the Prince?

72. What was the King's ruse to secure personal safety in battle? What other ends did he seek to effect by means of this same ruse?

73. How does Shakespeare complete the characterization of the King by making him participate in the active part of the battle?

74. How does the Prince show his magnanimity?

75. What are Hotspur's dying words? What emotions do they arouse? Compare the effect of the death of Percy and the death of Hamlet.

76. In Sc. iv., interpret lines 105, 106: *O, I should have*, etc.

77. To make humour out of Falstaff's desecration of the dead body of Percy argues what for Elizabethan sensibilities?

78. Does Falstaff even redeem himself by the superb impudence of his claiming to be the slayer of Percy? With what resolution does Falstaff quit the scene? Comment on the spirit of it.

79. Does poetic justice approve the fates of Worcester, Vernon, and Douglas?

80. Does the play show that the ends of righteousness are sometimes best met by the arm of the strongest?

81. How was it that Henry maintained his right to the throne?

82. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

83. Does the humorous interest outweigh the serious?

84. Whom do you regard as the hero of the play?

85. Does Hotspur or Prince Hal enlist your sympathies? Do you feel any shock to poetic justice in the death of Hotspur? Where in *2 Henry IV.* are there additional touches to his portrait?

See also general questions at the end of *2 Henry IV.*

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The Earl of Northumberland receives news of his son Hotspur's defeat and death; also that the King has despatched against him an army under the conduct of his second son, Prince John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmoreland. Though in feeble health, he resolves to resist. Meantime the generalship of the insurgent forces devolves upon Scroop, Archbishop of York.

II. Sir John Falstaff, though entrusted with a commission for levying a company of royal troops, cannot neglect his personal interests at the tavern. He runs up an account with the Hostess and narrowly escapes being sued for the debt. He is found in the tavern by the Prince of Wales, who has just returned from his victorious engagement at Shrewsbury; and the corpulent knight is summoned to forsake his cups and resume his military duties.

III. Falstaff's recruiting is more successful for his purse than for the army, since he releases able-bodied men who can buy themselves out of service, and retains weak, indifferent fellows who hardly serve for targets.

The King grows despondent on account of failing health and the northern insurrection. He cannot be persuaded but that the rebels will menace his throne; and he bemoans the wars which prevent his crusade to the Holy Land.

IV. The insurgent army under the Archbishop of York faces the royal forces of Prince John in Gaultree Forest, Yorkshire. The latter, instead of hazarding a general engagement, invites the rising chieftains to a conference, in which he promises redress of their alleged grievances, proclaims peace, and urges a dispersion of both armies. The insurgents take him at his word and dismiss their forces; whereupon the perfidious prince, who had previously given secret instructions to his own army to fall upon the scattered insurgent bands, seizes on the persons of York and the other rebel leaders and condemns them to be executed for treason. The news of the discomfiture of the insurgent army is carried to the sick King, who, however, is too feeble to evince much interest in the tidings. He sinks rapidly. The Prince of Wales is summoned from his tavern circle to attend his father, whom he finds in a stupor, with the crown beside him on the pillow. Believing him to be dead, the Prince removes the crown to another room—and thereby incurs the bitter reproaches of the King, who believes his son desirous of his death. Prince Henry justifies his conduct, and the two are reconciled.

V. Shortly afterwards Henry IV. passes away, and the Prince of Wales is crowned Henry V. No sooner does he assume his regal dignities than he dismisses from his society Sir John Falstaff and his convivial crew, and resolves henceforth to prove worthy of his high office.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Falstaff.

A man with a great flow of animal spirits is sometimes, especially if he is liable to sudden bursts of this exuberance, mistaken to be under the influence of wine. Falstaff's average rate of mirth is so high that wine refuses to contest it. The blood of his vein can afford to be

handicapped against the blood of the grape. The monstrous quantities of sack sink through the porosities of his rotundity, and mildly percolate a subterranean world; so that his abstinence in the article of bread is a very nice instinct that balancing bulk enough exists already.

Falstaff, by every ordinary law of human nature, should be inebriated. His exemption is a kind of atheism. But he prefers to have his own vices overdone in the persons of his companions, all of whom seem to have anticipated the sanitary argument in favor of the use of liquor that an American suggested: "If water will rot a cedar-post, what will it do to the human stomach!" . . .

Sir John does not intend to be readily put down. In the matter of arrest at Dame Quickly's suit for debt, how airily he gives the Chief Justice tap for tap, and urges that the officers are hindering him from going on the King's errand! He is hard to get fairly cooped in a corner; most invaluable counsel to defend a ring, big enough to break through the most carefully woven indictment. When you think you have him neatly at bay, the bulky culprit floats over your head in a twinkling of resource and is gone: it is done so cleverly that you have not the heart to pursue him farther, or, if you do, it is only for the sake of enjoying an encore of this trapeze-shifting of his wit.

It is comic when his tone of protestation that he will discharge his debt to Dame Quickly succeeds in taking in her who has been so often deceived before. But one weakness is always too strong for another; so he is constantly betrayed into expense by her, and that is at once her vice and its reward. "I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that I know not."

It is also comic that his vanity prevents him from suspecting himself of cowardice and evasion of duty; so that he indulges the most inflated self-appreciation, and no misadventure is sharp enough to prick it. "Embowelled! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit."

And his fright inspires him with the adage dear ever since to shirkers, "The better part of valor is discretion"; and it has a sensible purport which blinds him to his own disgrace. "There is not a dangerous action," complains he to the Chief Justice, "but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is." Does he really think his bullying style is a perpetual action of bravery, or is he delighting to be ironical upon himself?

Now Falstaff's mind has many a talent which liberates it from the grossness of his body. His wit shows a nimble foot of fancy. His common sense is an acute ally of his cowardice. The imagination which betrays him into the largeness of his lying goes into the felicity of his wit: both are on an ample scale. He rallies Bardolph for his complexion, and overwhelms his ragged company with comparisons, just as his men in buckram grow in number. When his fancy seizes an opportunity he cannot let it go, but unconsciously shifts it into all possible lights, and exhausts invention to make the point emphatic. How many imaginative people there are who unconsciously lie in the same way.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

Alike the same incongruous, identical Falstaff, whether to the grave Chief Justice he vainly talks of his youth and offers to caper for a thousand, or cries to Mrs. Doll, "I am old! I am old!" although she is seated on his lap, and he is courting her for busses. . . . There is no such thing as totally demolishing Falstaff; he has so much of the invulnerable in his frame that no ridicule can destroy him; he is safe even in defeat, and seems to rise, like another Antæus, with recruited vigour at every fall.

MORGANN: *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.*

III.

Falstaff and Panurge Compared.

It is certain, of course, that neither Calderon nor Molière knew anything of Shakespeare or of Falstaff; and Shakespeare, for his part, was equally uninfluenced by any of his predecessors on the comic stage, when he conceived his fat knight.

Nevertheless, there is among Shakespeare's predecessors a great writer, one of the greatest, with whom we cannot but compare him; to wit, Rabelais, the master spirit of the early Renaissance in France. He is, moreover, one of the few great writers with whom Shakespeare is known to have been acquainted. He alludes to him in *As You Like It* (III. ii.), where Celia says, when Rosalind asks her a dozen questions and bids her answer in one word: "You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size."

If we compare Falstaff with Panurge, we see that Rabelais stands to Shakespeare in the relation of a Titan to an Olympian god. Rabelais is gigantic, disproportioned, potent, but formless. Shakespeare is smaller and less excessive, poorer in ideas, though richer in fancies, and moulded with the utmost firmness of outline.

Rabelais died at the age of seventy, ten years before Shakespeare was born; there is between them all the difference between the morning and the noon of the Renaissance. Rabelais is a poet, philosopher, polemist, reformer, "even to the very fire exclusively," but always threatened with the stake. Shakespeare's coarseness compared with Rabelais's is as a manure-bed compared with the *Cloaca Maxima*. Burlesque uncleanness pours in floods from the Frenchman's pen.

His Panurge is larger than Falstaff, as Utgard-Loki is

larger than Asa-Loki. Panurge, like Falstaff, is loquacious, witty, crafty, and utterly unscrupulous, a humourist who stops the mouths of all around him by unblushing effrontery. In war, Panurge is not more of a hero than Falstaff, but, like Falstaff, he stabs the foemen who have already fallen. He is superstitious, yet his buffoonery holds nothing sacred, and he steals from the church-plate. He is thoroughly selfish, sensual, and slothful, shameless, revengeful, and light-fingered, and as time goes on becomes ever a greater poltroon and braggart.

Pantagruel is the noble knight, a king's son, like Prince Henry. Like the Prince, he has one foible: he cannot resist the attractions of low company. When Panurge is witty, Pantagruel cannot deny himself the pleasure of laughing at his side-splitting drolleries.

But Panurge, unlike Falstaff, is a satire on the largest scale. In representing him as a notable economist or master of finance, who calls borrowing credit-creating, and has 63 methods of raising money and 214 methods of spending it, Rabelais made him an abstract and brief chronicle of the French court of his day. In giving him a yearly revenue from his barony of "6,789,106,789 royaulx en deniers certain," to say nothing of the fluctuating revenue of the locusts and periwinkles, "montant bon an mal an de 2,435,768 à 2,435,769 moutons à la grande laine," Rabelais was aiming his satire direct at the unblushing extortion which was at that time the glory and delight of the French feudal nobility.

Shakespeare does not venture so far in the direction of satire. He is only a poet, and as a poet stands simply on the defensive. The only power he can be said to attack is Puritanism (*Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure*, etc.), and that only in self-defence. His attacks, too, are exceedingly mild in comparison with those of the Cavalier poets before the victory of Puritanism and after the reopening of the theatres. But Shakespeare was what Rabelais was not, an artist; and

as an artist he was a very Prometheus in his power of creating human beings.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Hostess Quickly.

We have already had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the heroine of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady and attentive looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her account of Falstaff's debt to her; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events; that she can think and speak of things only in the precise order of their occurrence; having no power to select such as are suited to her purpose, and detach them from the circumstantial impertinences with which they stand associated in her memory.

In strict keeping with this peculiarity of mind, her character throughout savours strongly of her whereabout in life, and is curiously elemented from her circumstances: she is plentifully trimmed up with vices and vulgarities, and they all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has as much of moral as of intellectual passiveness. Notwithstanding, somehow she always has an odour of womanhood about her: even her worst features are such as none but a woman could have; or at least they are greatly mitigated in her case by their marriage with a woman's nature. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, with touches of generosity that relish equally of her sex, though not so much of her situation. It is even questionable whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals so favourably, but that when he made them he was in a condition to need her kindness; and when her " exion is enter'd " against him, she seems to move

quite as much from affection for him as from desire of the money. And who but a woman could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest: "Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices"; where her very reluctance to act prompts her to the greater despatch, and her heart seems palpitating with anxious hope that what she is doing will make another opportunity for her kind ministrations. Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there; and between her turns of anger and her returns to the opposite there is room for more of womanly feeling than we shall venture to describe. And there is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, upon being told that at his death "he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate," she replies, "A' never could abide carnation: 'twas a colour he never liked"; as if she could nowise understand his words but in such a sense as would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation and perhaps to the consciousness of the one, without foreclosing the invitations to the other. Nor may we dismiss her without remarking how in her worst doings she apparently hides from herself their ill favour under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring in part from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes makes children shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe. Upon the whole, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as one of the wicked; the Poet evidently meant her so:

and in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her character, he has shown a rare spirit of wisdom, such as may well remind us that "both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem."

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Shallow and Silence.

After Falstaff, the most perfect characters in the play are Shallow and Silence, the Gloucestershire justices. Here again we have Shakespeare's astonishing power in individuality-portraiture. It is impossible to conceive a stronger contrast, a more direct antipodes in mental structure than he has achieved between Falstaff and Shallow; the one all intellect, all acuteness of perception and fancy, and the other, the justice, a mere compound of fatuity, a *caput mortuum* of understanding. Not only is Shallow distinguished by his eternal babble, talking "infinite nothings"; but with the flabby vivacity, the idiotic restlessness, that not unfrequently accompany this class of mind (if such a being may be said to possess mind at all), he not only tattles on—"whirr, whirr, whirr," like a ventilator, but he fills up the chinks in his sentences with *repetitions,* as blacksmiths continue to tap the anvil in the intervals of turning the iron upon it. But Shakespeare has presented us with a still stronger quality of association in minds of Shallow's calibre, that of asking questions everlastingly, and instantly giving evidence that the replies have not sunk even skin-deep with them, rushing on from subject to subject, and returning again to those that have been dismissed. . . .

His provincial habit of life is also indicated by his constant recurrence to his metropolitan days—the "mad days that he had spent at Clement's Inn." The idea of Shallow having been a roysterer at *any* period of his life!

the very constitution of the man's mind confutes his boast, without the testimony of Falstaff; and that is the finest burlesque portrait that ever was drawn:—

"This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine; you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin:—the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him—a court!"

There is no point in which Falstaff's wit glows more brilliantly than in that remarkable power of *exaggeration*, and the above (a portion only of the entire portrait) is a confirmatory specimen.

Silence is an embryo of a man—a molecule—a graduation from nonentity towards intellectual being—a man dwelling in the suburbs of sense, groping about in the twilight of apprehension and understanding. He is the second stage in the "Vestiges"; he has just emerged from the tadpole state. Here again a distinction is preserved between these two characters. Shallow gabbles on from mere emptiness; while Silence, from the same incompetence, rarely gets beyond the shortest replies. The firmament of his wonder and adoration are the sayings and doings of his cousin and brother-justice at Clement's Inn, and which he has been in the constant habit of hearing, without satiety and nausea, for half a century. With one of those side-wind indications for which Shakespeare is remarkable, we are informed through Silence that Shallow has ever been repeating the stories of his London days:—

Silence. That 's *fifty-five year ago.*

Shallow. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

At another time he says, as though Silence had been now first introduced to him, "I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of 'mad Shallow' yet."

Silence. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Like a provincial-bred man, also, Silence thinks no heroes can be so great as those of his own neighbourhood. When, therefore, Pistol, in announcing the death of the old king, says to Falstaff, "Sweet knight, thou art one of the greatest men in the realm," Silence assents from politeness, *but* with a reservation—"By 'r Lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of Barson." Again, when they are all at dinner, and Silence waxes drunk, he suddenly falls to singing, so that Falstaff says, "I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle."

Silence. Who, I! I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

It is noticeable, too, that even this scene of conviviality does not draw him out to the achievement of an entire song; but he trolls out odds and ends, which he associates with the last words he hears in the conversation. Shallow says, "Be merry, Master Bardolph: [and to Falstaff's page] my little soldier there, be merry."

Silence. [*Sings*] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters.*

VI.

Prince Henry.

For Prince Hal: we have one unworthy scene, two worthy ones. The shadow of his father's death-sickness is on him, and he goes for relief—half disgusted with himself—(feeling that every one would call him a hypocrite if he looked sorry) to his old, loose companions. But there's not much enjoyment in his forced mirth. He feels ashamed of himself, and soon leaves Falstaff and his old life forever—"let the end try the man," as he says. It is clear that he now feels the degradation of being Falstaff's friend and Poins's reputed

brother-in-law. On hearing of the war again, as in Part I., he changes at a touch, and is himself. The next time we see him is by his father's sick bed, and again he wins to him his father's heart. But surely by a bit of Falstaff-like cleverness and want of truth. Compare his first speech to the crown with his second giving an account of it to his father. But one part of that first speech he meant: that he 'd hold his crown against the world's whole strength; and that was what King Henry wanted. When Hal becomes king, his treatment of his brothers, the Chief Justice, and Falstaff is surely wise and right, in all three cases. One does feel for Falstaff; but certainly what he ought to have had he got—the chance of reformation. What other reception could Henry, in the midst of his new state, give in public to the dirty, slovenly, debauched old sinner who thrust himself upon him, than the rebuke he did? Any other course would have rendered the King's own professed reform absurd.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

VII.

King Henry.

The person of the Prince is brought so much into the foreground in *Henry IV.* that the unity, which arises by concentrating the interest in the chief figure, is disturbed; we do not know whether the father or the son is to be considred the hero of the play. But apart from the inner necessity of pointing out, in the drama, the goal towards which the course of events is tending, this very division of the personal interest belongs to the character of the times represented, to the character of the reign of Henry IV., nay, to the very character of King Henry himself. A person like him is incapable of drawing all interest upon himself; all his actions, his inmost being is divided in itself. He is one of those

characters who can excite interest only by their close connection with other entirely different natures; it is only when contrasted with characters such as Richard II. or Henry Percy and his own son, who is so unlike himself, that his nature acquires light and significance enough for us to take an interest in him. . . . He becomes more and more gloomy; he lives without having any pleasure in life on account of his increasing trouble about establishing his royal power, and the oppressive anxiety about the strange doings of his apparently degenerate son. He dies in the feeling of having striven and struggled in vain to obliterate the wrong that is attached to his throne.

Yet he dies in the proud, outward possession of his sovereignty; his rebellious barons have not succeeded in lessening his power in the slightest degree.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

"Disreputable but Immortal."

What are the exaggerated tragical trappings with which Pistol flourishes over his vileness but the badges of a masquerade that in principle at least is a parallel to that of the King. An attempt more modest but happier on the whole is the vapouring of Lieutenant Bardolph, swearing "by Heaven," and adventuring an attempt at camp slang and the air of a soldier where he is not known. Justice Shallow for his part dresses up a fictitious image of the wildness of his youth and puts up a pretension to dissoluteness and violence which his will may have been equal to but his power never, and even Silence would fain assert a toper's glory which neither his head nor his spirits are capable of. I may pass over the smoothpated eidolon, Master Dumbleton, who could bear a gentleman in hand and then stand upon

security, but who can pass over the ever persevering and ever self-betraying seemliness of Hostess Quickly? In her care to keep up appearances as a principle of her profession as ostensible tavern-keeper, in her sober mannered anxiety to conserve the seemly for herself as for all about her, she is forever falling into unhappinesses of expression that suggest the state of the fact even to those who would forget it, commits herself coolly to the plumpest asseverations of overdone lies, or in all simplicity and pure intent to disclaim her true character and calling, admits and publishes it in absolute terms. The Page's description of Mistress Doll Tearsheet as a proper gentlewoman and a kinswoman of his master's, evidently came from a Mistress Quickly not unrelated to the housekeeper of Dr. Caius, who reserved the world's truth for old folks who know the world and held it conscience still to put off children with a nayword. The well-intentioned creature would be a hypocrite if she could, and indeed she seems to have made some progress in making a first dupe of herself; but here it is like to end, for more than good will is required in the matter, and infirm dialectics and haphazard haste convict her from her own lips by inevitable propensity, and leave her no chance of a second. Mrs. Quickly and Doll Tearsheet embody between them the moral, if we may so speak, of the London Police reports and all sheets of night charges from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the *Times* newspaper of this current date.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IX.

The Two Parts and the Whole.

It [*2 Henry IV.*] is inferior to its predecessor [*1 Henry IV.*] as a work of dramatic art, though, in my judgement, not at all so as a work of genius. . . . Its nobler characters have much less of chivalric and ro-

mantic splendour, and its action less of stage interest and effect, and its poetry far less of kindling and exciting fervour. On this account it has long disappeared as a whole from the stage; but portions of it are familiar even to those whose knowledge of Shakespeare is acquired only from the stage, having been interwoven by Cibber, or some other manufacturer of the "acted drama," into the action of *Richard III.* Other portions, like the King's invocation to sleep, the Archbishop's meditation on the instability of popular favour, Lady Percy's lament for Hotspur, and the last scene between the Prince and his father, have sunk deep into thousands of hearts, and live in the general memory. Nor is the entire graver dialogue unworthy of these gems with which it is studded; for it is throughout rich in thought, noble and impressive in style, and the characters it presents are drawn, if not with the same bold freedom and pointed invention as in the first part, yet with undiminished truth and discrimination.

But on the comic side of the play there is no flagging either of spirit or invention. On the contrary, the humour, if perhaps less lively and sparkling, is still more rich and copious. It overflows on all sides. The return of a character of comic invention in a second part is a hard test of originality and fertility, which even Don Quixote and Gil Blas did not stand without some loss of the charm of our first acquaintance with them. Falstaff's humour, as well that which he exhibits in his character as that which he utters, is more copious, more luxuriously mirthful, and—if the phrase may be allowed—more unctuous than ever. Those of his companions, whose acquaintance we made in the first part, lose nothing of their droll effect; and our new acquaintances, Shallow, Silence, etc., are still more amusing. The scenes in which these last figure give us a delightful peep into the habits of the rural gentry of old England, and, as mere history, are worth volumes of antiquarian research.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the first and second parts of *Henry IV.* Perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slightest occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable. The incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

The second part of *Henry IV.* is at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of *Henry V.* We may, I think, still detect some traces of the manner in which the materials for the history of *Henry IV.* developed and expanded in the Poet's mind until they became not simply too bulky for a single play, but until they divided by natural polarity into distinct groups and resulted in the double birth of contrasted but still closely connected and correlative plays. Thus, in the second play we find Falstaff passing through Gloucestershire by some incredible route from London to York, a divergence far too wide to be accounted for by his having to take up soldiers in counties as he went. The incident as first imagined came in no doubt in the earlier sequence of events when King Henry despatching forces toward Wales tells his son "and, Harry, you shall march through Gloucestershire"; a natural course for Falstaff to follow, and so for both to encounter in the Poet's own Warwickshire on the road near Coventry. The consistency on this view holds on and the next stage is indicated towards Sutton Coldfield, picturesque municipality still lying under as bright a sky as of old, beside the beauty and privilege of its wide pastoral park, though the smoke and clamours of Birmingham reach the very edge of its horizon. Hence

we cannot doubt that the tattered troop that Falstaff sends to Coventry—thus we still specify a dead cut—comprised in the Poet's first invention Wart and his wardrobe, to the process of whose enlistment the soliloquy on the abuse of the king's press applies so entirely, and that Shallow and his household were already shaped and shadowed forth, though afterwards for ample reasons transferred to the later scene.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The political movements of Henry IV.'s reign, as told by Shakespeare's standard authorities, Holinshed and Hall, offered little salient matter for the dramatist. Nevertheless it is here that he most decisively abandons the boldly reconstructive methods of Marlowe; here that he unfolds with most consummate power his own method, of creating character and detail within the limits of a general fidelity to recorded fact. His most direct divergences from the tale of the chroniclers amount to little more than compressions of isolated and scattered event. But he supplements their tale and interprets their silence with a prodigal magnificence of invention unapproached in the other Histories. Hence *Henry IV.* presents analogies to the group of brilliant Comedies with which it was nearly contemporary, not only in its obvious wealth of comic genius, but in the points at which this is exercised. The historic matter, like the serious story of *Twelfth Night* or *Much Ado,* is taken over without substantial change; while within its meshes plays a lambent humour which, ostensibly subordinate and by the way, in reality reveals the finer significance of the derived story itself, and forms, as literature, the crowning glory of the whole.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*
KING HENRY *the Fourth.*
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V.*,
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,
} *his sons.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
EARL OF SURREY.
GOWER.
HARCOURT.
BLUNT.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
LORD MOWBRAY.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD BARDOLPH.
SIR JOHN COLVILLE.
TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland.*
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
His Page.
BARDOLPH.
PISTOL.
POINS.
PETO.
SHALLOW, SILENCE, *country justices.*
DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, *recruits.*
FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*
DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE: *England.*

The Second Part of
King Henry IV.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize

Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.
[*Exit Porter.*

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way:
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I 'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I 'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give them such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, we took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou are a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:

Yet did you say 'Go forth'; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods,

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A street.

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson

mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledom about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two

and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where 's Bardolph?

Page. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What 's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John.

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time: and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An 't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an 't please your worship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an 't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters

against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understand-

ing; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;
Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope as in an early spring,
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frost will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:

Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accursed!
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

London. A street.

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where 's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?
Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?
Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—
Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he 's an infinite thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let

him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silk-man: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! Wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I 'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand form him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to en-

force a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the roud table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause

the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there 's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I 'll make other shift: you 'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you 'll come to supper. You 'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let 's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What 's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all 's well: what is the news, my lord?
Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.
Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?
Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.
Fal. My lord!
Ch. Just. What 's the matter?
Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?
Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.
Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.
Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?
Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?
Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.
Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. Another street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face tomorrow! or take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid-

wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou

art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee

Bard. And you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there 's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There 's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [*Reads*] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [*Reads*] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:' he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I 'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That 's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I 'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there 's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humorous of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;

And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master

Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I 'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What 's this?' How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that 's well said; a good heart 's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer*—[*Singing*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches': for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there 's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I 'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol 's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him,swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I 'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Pal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Pal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I, good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name;' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I 'll no swaggerers.

Pal. He 's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he 'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit First Drawer.*

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I 'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I 'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I 'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-

hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy'; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I 'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I 'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins!
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there 's none such here.
What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give 's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-goat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

[*Snatching up his sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I 'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour 's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's

IN THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN.

Sir John Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet.

King Henry IV., P. 2. Act 2, Scene 4.

as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let 's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we 'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [*Coming forward.*
Poins. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, art you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

rince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

ost. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

al. Didst thou hear me?

rince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

al. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

rince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

al. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

rince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

al. No abuse, Hal.

oins. No abuse?

al. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned, none: no, faith, boys, none.

rince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,

I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what 's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peacod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What 's the matter?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet set-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
[*To Warwick.*
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on,

Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel

And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or two with them.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must then, to the inns o' court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you,

we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this country, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo': very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

hal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

al. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

hal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

al. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

il. Your good worship is welcome.

al. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

hal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

al. Let me see them, I beseech you.

hal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

oul. Here, an't please you.

hal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

al. Is thy name Mouldy?

oul. Yea, an't please you.

al. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

hal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow; so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where 's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

hal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

al. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

hal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

ee. Here, sir.

hal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

ee. A woman's tailor, sir.

hal. Shall I prick him, sir?

al. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'ad ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

ee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

al. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

ee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

al. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

ee. It shall suffice, sir.

al. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next.

hal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

al. Yea, marry, let 's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, Good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF RECRUITING.

Fal. "What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?"

Bull. "O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man."

al. Old, old, Master Shallow.

hal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

il. That's fifty-five year ago.

hal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

al. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

hal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*

ull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

'ard. Go to; stand aside.

foul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

'ard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death: I 'll ne'er bear a base mind: an 't be my destiny, so; an 't be not, so: no man 's too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the

motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

ard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

al. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

hal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

al. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

hal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper

your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject ye old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him;

and I 'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble houtboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I 'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But rather show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,

And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In every ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;

That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution,

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards, the Archbishop; Hastings, and others: from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us the imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here between the armies
Let 's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-morrow?'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings.
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Hastings.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the forest.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What 's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit Westmoreland.*
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

'al. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

.an. It was more of his courtesy that your deserving.

'al. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her,

believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine 's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine 's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile?

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution:
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colvile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all except Falstaff.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that 's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits

muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I 'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors.

We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he 's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

Var. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and in their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here 's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he 'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

So thin that life looks through and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he 'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[*Exeunt all except the Prince.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him thither.
[*Exit Warwick.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Warwick and the rest.*

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not.
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I effect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold are worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plan and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Re-enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I 'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy.

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you,

Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I 'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laught without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fel-

low that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He 's walked the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,

That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I 'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I 'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I 'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry 's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in the very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I give bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,

That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer. [*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Sal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet, sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry.

Sal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [*To Bardolph.*

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Sal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Sal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*], and welcome indeed too. I 'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I 'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who 's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is 't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An 't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

ist. Sir John, God save you!

al. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

ist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

il. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

ist. Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price.

al. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

ist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

al. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

il. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Singing.*

ist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

hal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

ist. Whey then, lament therefore.

hal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there 's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we 'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice! Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:
Why here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

Scene IV.

London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I 'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I 'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.
Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.
Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!
Host. Thou atomy, thou!
Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.
First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.
Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.
First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.
Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.
Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.
Shal. It doth so.
Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—
Shal. It doth so.

al. My devotion,—

hal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

al. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

hal. It is best, certain.

al. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

ist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

hal. 'Tis so, indeed.

ist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Haled thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

al. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

ist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

al. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

ist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

al. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt King, etc.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

King. "I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;"
King Henry IV., P. 2. Act 5, Scene 5.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice; Officers with them.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet: Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,

will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

Glossary.

A', he (Quartos, "*a*"; Folios, "*hee*" or "*he*"); I. ii. 48.

Abated, "*reduced to lower temper*, or as the workmen call it, *let down*" (Johnson); I. i. 117.

Abide, undergo, meet the fortunes of; II. iii. 36.

Able, active; I. i. 43.

Abroach; "set a.," cause, ? set flowing; IV. ii. 14.

Accite, summon; V. ii. 141.

Accites, incites (Folios 3, 4, "*excites*"); II. ii. 64.

Accommodated, supplied (satirized as an affected word); (Quarto, "*accommodate*"); III. ii. 71.

Achitophel, Ahithopel, the counsellor of Absalom, cursed by David (Folio 2, "*Architophel*"); I. ii. 39.

Aconitum, aconite; IV. iv. 48.

Address'd, prepared; IV. iv. 5.

Advised, well aware; I. i. 172.

Affect, love; IV. v. 145.

Affections, inclinations; IV. iv. 65.

After, according to; V. ii. 129.

Against, before, in anticipation of; IV. ii. 81.

Agate, a figure cut in an agate stone and worn in a ring or as a seal; a symbol of smallness (Johnson's emendation of Folios, "*agot*"); I. ii. 19.

Aggravate, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *moderate*; II. iv. 170.

All, quite; IV. i. 156.

Allow, approve; IV. ii. 54.

Amurath, the name of the Turkish Sultans; Amurath III. died in 1596, leaving a son Amurath, who, on coming to the throne, invited his brothers to a feast, where he had them all strangled, in order to prevent any inconvenient disputes concerning the succession. This is probably the circumstance which is here referred to (the allusion helps to fix the date of the play); V. ii. 48.

An, if (Quarto, "*and*"; Folios, "*if*"); I. ii. 59.

Anatomize, lay open, show distinctly (Folio 4, "*anatomize*"; Quarto, "*anothomize*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Anathomize*"); Induct. 21.

Ancient, ensign; II. iv. 72.

Angel, with play upon angel, the gold coin, of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 177.

Anon, anon, Sir, the customary reply of the Drawers; II. iv. 296.

Antiquity, old age; I. ii. 299.

Appertinent, belonging; I. ii. 184.

Apple-johns, a particular kind of apple, which shrivelled by keeping; II. iv. 2.

Apprehensive, imaginative; IV. iii. 103.

Approve, prove; I. ii. 205.

Apter, more ready; I. i. 69.

Argument, subject; V. ii. 23.

Armed, with spurs (Quarto, "*armed*"; Folios, "*able*"; Pope, "*agile*"); I. i. 44.

Assemblance, aggregate, *tout ensemble* (Pope, "*semblance*"; Capell, "*assemblage*"); III. ii. 272.

Assurance, surety; I. ii. 36.

At a word, in a word, briefly; III. ii. 313.

Atomy, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for "*anatomy,*" skeleton (Folios "*Anatomy*"); V. iv. 33.

Atonement, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.

Attach, arrest; IV. ii. 109.

Attached, seized; II. ii. 3.

Attend, await, waits for; I. i. 3.

Away with; "could a. w. me," *i.e.* could endure me; III. ii.

Awful, inspiring awe; V. ii. 86.

Awful banks, bounds of respect, reverence (Warburton, "*lawful*"); IV. i. 176.

Back-sword man, fencer at single sticks; III. ii. 69.

Balm, consecrated oil used for anointing kings; IV. v. 115.

Band, bond (Folios, "*bond*"); I. ii. 37.

Barbary hen, a hen whose feathers are naturally ruffled; II. iv. 104.

Barson, corruption of Barston, in Warwickshire; V. iii. 90.

Bartholomew boar-pig, roast pig was one of the attractions of Bartholomew Fair; II. iv. 241.

Basingstoke, in Hampshire, about fifty miles from London (Quarto, "*Billingsgate*"); II. i. 177.

Basket hilt, the hilt of a sword with a covering of narrow plates of steel in the shape of a basket, and serving as a protection to the hand; II. iv. 136.

Bastardly, ? dastardly; II. i. 51.

Bate, contention; II. iv. 263.

Bate, remit; Epil. 16.

Battle, army; IV. i. 154.

Battle, battalion; III. ii. 163.

Bawl out, bawl out from (Quarto, "*bal out*"; Capell, "*bawl out from*"); II. ii. 27.

Baying, driving to bay (a term of the chase); I. iii. 80.

Bear-herd, leader of a tame bear (Folio 4, "*bear-herd*"; Quarto, "*Berod*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Beare-heard*"; Folio 3, "*Bear-heard*"); I. ii. 182.

Bear in hand, flatter with false hopes, keep in expectation; I. ii. 40.

Beavers, movable fronts of helmets; IV. i. 120.

Beefs, oxen (?) cattle (Folios, "*beeves*"); III. ii. 347.

Before, go before me; IV. i. 228.

Being you are, since you are (Gould conjectured "*seeing*"); II. i. 193.
Belike, I suppose; II. ii. 11.
Beseek, beseech; II. iv. 170.
Besonian, base fellow, beggar; V. iii. 113.
Bestow, behave; II. ii. 177.
Bestowed, spent; V. v. 12.
Big, pregnant; Induct. 13.
Biggen, "nightcap"; properly, a coarse headband or cap worn by the Béguines, an order of Flemish nuns; IV. v. 27.
Bleed, be bled; IV. i. 57.
Bloody, headstrong, intemperate; IV. i. 34.
Blubbered, blubbering, weeping; II. iv. 411.
Blue-bottle rogue; alluding to the blue uniform of the beadles; V. iv. 22.
Blunt, dull-witted; Induct. 18.
Bona-robas, handsome wenches; III. ii. 25.
Borne with, laden with; II. iv. 383.
Bounce, bang; III. ii. 299.
Brave, defy; II. iv. 224.
Brawn, mass of flesh; I. i. 19.
Break, am bankrupt; Epil. 13.
Breathe, let take breath, rest; I. i. 38.
Bruited, noised, rumoured abroad; I. i. 114.
Buckle, bow, bend (Bailey conjectured "*knuckle*"); I. i. 141.
Bung, sharper; II. iv. 133.
Burst, broke, cracked; III. ii. 341.
Busses, kisses; II. iv. 282.
But, except; V. iii. 89.
By, on, consequent upon; IV. v. 87.
By God's liggens, an oath, probably of the same force as "bodikins" (omitted in Folios); V. iii. 65.
By the rood, by the holy cross, an asseveration; III. ii. 3.
By yea and nay, without doubt; III. ii. 10.

Caliver, a very light musket; III. ii. 287.
Calm, qualm; II. iv. 38.
Came, became; II. iii. 57.
Canaries, canary wine (Folio 4, "*Canary*"); II. iv. 28.
Candle-mine, magazine of tallow; II. iv. 316.
Canker'd, polluted; IV. v. 72.
Cankers, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.
Cannibals, Hannibals; II. iv. 175.
Capable, susceptible; I. i. 172.
Carat, quality (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Charract*"; Folio 4, "*Carract*"; Quarto, "*Karrat*"); IV. v. 162.
Caraways, a kind of confection made with cumin seeds, "caraway seeds"; V. iii. 3.
Care, mind; I. ii. 134.
Cast, calculated; I. i. 166.
Cavaleros, cavaliers (Quarto, "*cabileros*"; Folios, "*Cauileroes*"); V. iii. 59.
Censer; "thin man in a censer"; probably a kind of cap like a censer; (some explain

that censers were made of thin metal, and often had rudely hammered or embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid); V. iv. 20.

Chance; "how c.," how comes it; IV. iv. 20.

Channel, gutter (Pope, "*kennel*"); II. i. 48.

Chapt, worn, wrinkled (Quarto, Folios, "*chopt*"); III. ii. 289.

Charge; "in c.," *i.e.* "ready for the charge"; IV. i. 120.

Charge, pledge; II. iv. 126.

Cheater; "a tame ch.," a low gamester; a cant term (Quarto, "*cheter*"; some eds., "*chetah,*" a leopard); II. iv. 102.

Cheater, escheator, an officer of the exchequer; II. iv. 107.

Check, reproof; IV. iii. 32.

Checked, reproved; I. ii. 212.

Churlish, rude, rough; I. iii. 62.

Civil, well-ordered; IV. i. 42.

Clapped i' the clout, hit the white mark in the target without effort; III. ii. 50.

Close, make peace; II. iv. 344.

'*Cock and pie,*' a slight oath commonly used; *cock,* a corruption of God; *pie* (= Latin *pica*) was the old name of the Ordinate; V. i. 1.

From an old alehouse sign at Bewdley.

Coherence, agreement, accord; V. i. 69.

Cold, calm; V. ii. 98.

Coldest, most hopeless; V. ii. 31.

Colour, pretence; V. v. 87.

Colours; "fear no colours," fear no enemy, fear nothing; V. v. 89.

Colour, excuse; I. ii. 267.

Commandment, command; V. iii. 137.

Commit, commit to prison; V. ii. 83.

Commodity, profit; I. ii. 269.

Commotion, insurrection; IV. i. 36.

Companion, fellow, used contemptuously; II. iv. 128.

Complices, accomplices, allies; I. i. 163.

Condition, "official capacity"; IV. iii. 86.

Confirmities, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *infirmities*; II. iv. 61.

Confound, exhaust; IV. iv. 41.

Conger, sea-eel (Quarto, "*Cunger*"); II. iv. 56.

Consent, agreement; V. i. 75.

Consent, agree, decide (Collier MS., "*Consult*"); I. iii. 52.

Considerance, consideration; V. ii. 98.

Consigning to, confirming; V. ii. 143.

Consist upon, claim, stand upon (Rowe, "*insist*"); IV. i. 187.

Contagious, pernicious; V. v. 34.

Continuantly, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *continually* (Quartos, "*continually*"); II. i. 26.

Conversations, habits; V. v. 101.

Cophetua; alluding to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar* to be found in Percy's *Reliques* (Quarto, "*Couetua*"; Folios, "*Couitha*"); V. iii. 102.

Còrporate, Bullcalf's blunder for *corporal*; III. ii. 231.

Corpse, corpses (Folios 1, 2, "*Corpes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Corps*"; Dyce, "*corpse*"); I. i. 192.

Correctioner, one who inflicts punishment; V. iv. 23.

Cost; "part-created cost," partly erected costly building; (Vaughan conjectured "*part-erected castle*"; Herr conjectured "*part-erected, cast*"; Keightley, "*house*"); I. iii. 60.

Costermonger, commercial, petty dealing; (Quarto, "*costar-mongers times*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Costor-mongers*"; Folios 3, 4, "*coster-mongers days*"); I. ii. 181.

Cotswold man, a man from the Cotswold Downs, celebrated for athletic games and rural sports of all kinds, hence an athlete (Quartos, "*Cotsole man*"; Folios, "*Cot-sal-man*"; Capell, "*Cotsall man*"); III. ii. 22.

Courtesy, curtsy (Folio 1, "*Curtsie*"; Folios 2, 3, 4 "*Curtesie*"; Quarto, "*cursie*"); Epil. 1.

Cover, lay the table; II. iv. 11.

Crack, "a pert little boy"; III. ii. 33.

Crafty-sick, feigning sickness; Induct. 37.

Crosses, coins stamped with a cross (used quibblingly); I. ii. 244.

Crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 102.

Current, genuine, with pun upon *sterling*; II. i. 128.

Curry with, curry favour with; V. i. 79.

Cuttle, knife used by cutpurses, hence, cutpurse; II. iv. 135.

Day, day of battle, battle; I. i. 20.

Dear, earnest; IV. v. 141.

Debate, contest; IV. iv. 2.

Defensible, furnishing the means of defence (Folio 4, "*sensible*"); II. iii. 38.

Depart, leave; IV. v. 91.

Derives itself, descends; IV. v. 43.

Descension, descent, decline (Folios, "*declension*"); II. ii. 182.

Determined, put an end to, settled; IV. v. 82.

'*Devil's book,*' "alluding to the old belief that the Devil had a register of the persons who were subject to him"; II. ii. 49. (*Cp.* illustration in *Taming of Shrew.*)

Directly, in a direct manner, plainly; IV. ii. 52.
Discharge, disband, dismiss; IV. ii. 61.
Discolours; "d. the complexion of my greatness" = makes me blush; II. ii. 5.
Discomfort, uneasiness (Capell conjectured "*discomfit*"); I. ii. 112.
Discoverers, scouts (Folios 3, 4, "*discoveries*"); IV. i. 3.
Distemper'd, disordered, out of health; III. i. 41.
Distracted, made mad; II. i. 112.
Dole, dealing, interchange; I. i. 169.
Doubt, fear, suspect; Epil. 7.
Draw, draw together, muster; I. iii. 109; withdraw; II. i. 157.
Drew, drew aside; I. i. 72.
Drollery, (probably) a humorous painting; II. i. 151.
Drooping, declining; Induct, 3.
Dub me knight, referring to the custom of the time, that he who drank a large potation on his knees to the health of his mistress, was said to be dubbed a knight, and retained the title for the evening; V. iii. 74.
Duer, more duly (Quarto, "*dewer*"; Pope, "*more duly*"); III. ii. 324.
Dull, soothing, drowsy; IV. v. 2.

Easy, easy to be borne; V. ii. 71.
Ebon, black, dark; V. v. 37.
Effect, suitable manner; II. i. 138.
Element, sky; IV. iii. 55.
Endear'd, bound (Quarto, "*endeere*"); II. iii. 11.
Ending, dying; IV. v. 80.
Enforcement, application of force; I. i. 120.
Engaged, bound, tied; I. i. 180.
Engraffed to, firmly attached to; II. ii. 67.
Engrossed, piled up, amassed; IV. v. 71.
Engrossments, accumulations; IV. v. 80.
Enlarge, extend, widen; I. i. 204.
Ephesians, jolly companions (a cant term of the day); II. ii. 157.
Equal with, cope with; I. iii. 67.
Ever among, perhaps a corruption of *ever and anon*; V. iii. 22.
Exclamation, outcry against you; II. i. 84.
Exion, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *action* (Folios 3, 4, "*action*"); II. i. 30.
Extraordinarily, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *ordinarily*; II. iv. 25.

Face-royal, used equivocally for (i.) a royal face, and (ii.) the figure stamped upon "a royal," a coin of the value of ten shillings; I. ii. 26.
Faitors, evil-doers (Quarto, "*fater*"; Folios, "*Fates*"); II. iv. 167.

Familiarity, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *familiar* (Folios, "*familiar*"); II. i. 104.

Fancies and good-nights, the common title of little poems; III. ii. 336.

Fantasy, imagination; V. ii. 13.

Fear, frighten; IV. iv. 121.

Fear, a fearful thing; I. i. 95.

Fearful, full of fear; Induct. 12.

Fears, causes of fear; IV. v. 196.

Fennel, an inflammatory herb; II. iv. 258.

Fetch off, make a prey of, fleece; III. ii. 318.

Few; "in f.," in a few words, in short; I. i. 112.

Fig, insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; V. iii. 118. (*Cp.* illustration in *Henry V.*)

Fillip, strike; I. ii. 246.

Flap-dragon, snap-dragon; II. v. 267.

Fleet, the prison for debtors; V. v. 92.

Flesh'd, "made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only" (Capell conjectured "*flush'd*"); I. i. 149.

Foin, make a thrust in fencing; II. i. 16.

Follow'd, followed up the advantage gained; I. i. 21.

Fond, foolish; I. iii. 91.

Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.

Foolish-compounded, composed of absurdity; I. ii. 8.

For, in spite of; I. i. 93.

Force perforce, an emphatic form of *perforce*; (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*forc'd, perforce*"); IV. i. 116.

Forehand shaft; "an arrow particularly formed for shooting straight forward, concerning which Ascham says it should be big breasted" (Nares); (Collier MS., "*fourehand*"); III. ii. 51.

Forgetive, inventive; IV. iii. 103.

Forspent, utterly worn out (*for* intensive); I. i. 37.

Fortune; "in the f.," by the good fortune; I. i. 15.

Fourteen and a half, i.e. two hundred and ninety yards; the maximum distance reached by the archers of the time being three hundred yards; III. ii. 52.

Foutre, an expression of contempt; (Quarto, "*fowtre*"; Folios, "*footra*"); V. iii. 99.

Frank, sty; II. ii. 154.

Fright, affright, terrify; I. i. 67.

Fubbed off, deluded with false promises; II. i. 34.

Fustian, nonsensical; II. iv. 198.

Fustilarian, a word of Falstaff's coinage (? connected with "*fusty,*" or perhaps from "*fustis,*" with reference to the cudgel of the bailiff); II. i. 61.

Gainsaid, contradicted: I. i. 91.

Galled, injured, annoyed; IV. i. 89.

Galloway nags, a small and inferior breed of horses; common hackneys; II. iv. 199.

'Gan, began; I. i. 129.

Garland, crown; V. ii. 84.

Gaultree, the ancient forest of Galtres, to the north of the City of York (Folios, "*Gualtree*"); IV. i. 2.

Gave out, described; IV. i. 23.

German hunting; "hunting subjects were much in favour for the decoration of interiors, and the chase of the wild boar in Germany would naturally form a spirited scene" (Clarke); Quarto, "*Iarman*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Germane*"); II. i. 152.

Gibbets on, hangs on; alluding to the manner of carrying beer-barrels, by hanging them on a sling; III. ii. 277.

Giddy, excitable, hot-brained; IV. v. 214.

Gird, jeer, gibe; I. ii. 7.

God's light, by God's light; an oath; (Folios, "*what*"); II. iv. 138.

Good case, good circumstances; II. i. 111.

Good faith, indeed (Folios, "*good-sooth*"); II. iv. 38.

Graffing, grafting; V. iii. 3.

Grate on, vex, be offensive; IV. i. 90.

Green, fresh; IV. v. 204.

Grief, (1) pain; (2) sorrow; I. i. 144.

Groat, a coin of the value of four-pence; I. ii. 254.

Grows to, incorporates with; I. ii. 59.

Guarded with rags, trimmed, ornamented with rags (Pope, "*goaded*"; Singer, "rags"; Quartos and Folios, "rage"); IV. i. 34.

Haled, dragged (Quarto, "*halde*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Hall'd*"; Folio 4, "*Hal'd*"; Pope, "*Hauld*"); V. v. 35.

Half-kirtles, jackets, or the petticoats attached to them; V. iv. 24.

Halloing, shouting (Quarto, Folios 1, 2, "*hallowing*"; Folios 3, 4, "*hollowing*"); I. ii. 204.

A gold ten shilling piece of Henry VIII. From an original specimen.

Hands; "of my h.," of my size; II. ii. 72.

Hangs, suspends; IV. i. 213.

Haply, mayhap, perhaps; I. i. 32.

Harry ten shillings; "four H. t. s. in French crowns"; there were no ten-shilling pieces till the reign of Henry VII.; French crowns were worth somewhat less than five shillings each; III. ii. 232. (*Cp. illustration.*)

Haunch, hinder (*i.e.* latter) part; IV. iv. 92.

Hautboy, a wind-instrument (Quarto, "*hoboy*"; Folios, "*Hoe-boy*") III. ii. 345.

Have at him, I am ready; I. ii. 209.

Head; "make head," raise an army; I. i. 168.

Headland, a strip of unploughed land at the end of the furrows; V. i. 14.

Heart, will, intention; V. iii. 29.

Heat, pursuit; IV. iii. 25.

Hence, henceforth; V. v. 53.

Hilding, base, menial (Folios, "*hielding*"); I. i. 57.

Hinckley, a market town in Leicestershire (Quarto, "*Hunkly*"); V. i. 26.

His, its (Folio 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 125.

History, relate; IV. i. 203.

Hold, fastness, fortress (Theobald's correction of Quarto and Folios, "*Hole*"); Induct. 35.

Hold sortance, be in accordance; IV. i. 11.

Holland, a kind of linen; with a quibble upon *Holland*; II. ii. 26.

Honey-seed, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicide*; II. i. 54.

Honey-suckle, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *homicidal*; II. i. 52.

Hook on, don't lose sight of her; keep close to her; II. i. 170.

How, what price; III. ii. 41.

Humane, human (omitted in Folios); IV. iii. 129.

Humorous, capricious; IV. iv. 34.

Humours of blood, caprices of disposition; II. iii. 30.

Hunt counter, are on the wrong scent; I. ii. 97.

Hurly, hurly-burly, tumult; III. i. 25.

Husband, husbandman (Folios 3, 4, "*husbandman*"); V. iii. 11.

Imbrue, draw blood; II. iv. 204.

Immediate, next in line; IV. v. 42.

Imp, youngling; V. v. 43.

In, with; I. iii. 7.

Incertain, uncertain (Folios 1, 2, "*incertain*"; Folios 3, 4, "*uncertain*"); I. iii. 24.

Incision, draw blood; II. iv. 204.

Indifferency, moderate dimensions; IV. iii. 22.

Indited, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *invited*; (Folios 3, 4, "*invited*"); II. i. 28.

Infer, suggest; V. v. 14.
Infinitive, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *infinite*; II. i. 26.
Inset, set (Folios, "*set*"); I. ii. 19.
Insinewed, allied; IV. i. 172.
Instance, proof; III. i. 103.
Intelligencer, mediator; IV. ii. 20.
Intended, understood; IV. i. 166.
Intervallums, intervals; V. i. 91.
Intreasured, stored; III. i. 85.
Invested, invested with authority; IV. iv. 6.
Investments, vestments; IV. i. 45.
Iron man, armed man, clad in armour (Quarto, "*man talking*"); IV. ii. 8.
It = its; (Quarto and Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Folios 3, 4, "*its*"); I. ii. 123.
It is, he is; used contemptuously; II. iv. 75.

Jade, a term of pity for a maltreated horse; I. i. 45.
Joined-stools, a kind of folding chairs; II. iv. 260.
Juggler, trickster, cheat; II. iv. 137.
Juvenal, youth; I. ii. 22.

Keech, "the fat of an ox or cow, rolled up by the butcher in a round lump; hence a name given to a butcher's wife"; II. i. 97.
Kickshaws, trifles; V. i. 28.
Kindly, natural; IV. v. 84.
Kirtle, a jacket with a petticoat attached to it; II. iv. 288.

'Larum-bell, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
Law, justice; V. ii. 87.
Lay, stayed, resided; III. ii. 294.
Leather-coats, a kind of apple, brown-russets; V. iii. 44.
Leer, simper, smile; V. v. 6.
Leman, sweetheart, lover; V. iii. 47.
Lethe, the river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness (Quarto, "*lethy*"); V. ii. 72.
Lie, lodge; IV. ii. 97.
Lief, willingly (Quarto, "*liue*"); I. ii. 46.
Lighten, enlighten; II. i. 203.
Like, (?) look (Folios, "*look*"); III. ii. 91.
Like, likely; I. iii. 81.
Liking, likening (Folios, "*lik'ning him*"); II. i. 93.
Lined, strengthened; I. iii. 27.
Listen after, enquire for; I. i. 29.
Livers, formerly considered the seat of the passions; I. ii. 188.
Loathly, loathsome; IV. iv. 122.
Look beyond, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.
Looked, anticipated, expected; I. ii. 48.
Lubber's-head, Libbard's-head, *i.e.* Leopard's head, the sign of a house (Folios, "*Lubbars*"); II. i. 31.

Lumbert street, Lombard-Street; in early times frequented by the Lombardy merchants (Folios, "*Lombard*"); II. i. 29.

Lusty, lively, merry; III. ii. 17.

Malmsey-nose, red-nosed; II. i. 40.

Malt-worms, ale-topers; II. iv. 351.

Manage, handle; III. ii. 287.

Mandrake, "the plant *Aropa Mandragora,* the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and to cause madness and even death, when torn from the ground"; I. ii. 16.

The above illustration (from an illuminated MS. in the British Museum) shows the method by which the mandrake was supposed to be obtained.

Man-queller, manslayer, murderer; II. i. 54.

Many, multitude (Douce conjectured "*meyny*"); I. iii. 91.

Mare, nightmare; II. i. 79.

Marks; a mark is of the value of thirteen shillings and fourpence; I. ii. 208.

Marry, a corruption of *Mary*; a mild form of oath (Quarto, "*Mary*"; Folios, "*Why*"); II. ii. 42.

Martlemas, Martinmas, the Feast of St. Martin, which marked the close of autumn; used figuratively = an old man; II. ii. 107.

Matter; "no such m.," it is nothing of the kind; Induct. 15.

Mechanical, vulgar, occupied in low drudgery; V. v. 36.

Medicine potable, alluding to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists; IV. v. 163.

Melting, softening, pitying (Quarto, "*meeting*"); IV. iv. 32.

Mess, "common term for a small portion of anything belonging to the kitchen"; II. i. 99.

Met, obtained; IV. v. 186.

Metal, ardour, high courage (used in both senses, "*metal*" and "*mettle*"); (Folio 4, "*metal*"; Quarto, "*mettal*"; Folios, 1, 2, 3, "*Mettle*"); I. i. 116.

Mete, judge of; IV. iv. 77.

Mile-end Green, the usual ground for military drill, and also for public sports; III. ii. 293.

Misdoubts, apprehensions; IV. i. 206.

Miscarried, perished; IV. i. 129.

Misorder'd, disordered; IV. ii. 33.

Mistook, mistaken, misunderstood; IV. ii. 56.

Mode, form of things (Quarto and Folios, "*mood*"); IV. v. 200.

Model, plans; I. iii. 42.

More and less, high and low; I. i. 209.

Much! an exclamation of ironical admiration; II. iv. 139.

Much ill, very ill; IV. iv. 111.

Muse, wonder, am surprised; IV. i. 167.

Neaf, fist; II. iv. 195.

Near, in the confidence; V. i. 78.

Neighbour confines, neighbouring boundaries; IV. v. 124.

New-dated, recently dated; IV. i. 8.

Nice, over-delicate, dainty, I. i. 145; trivial, petty, IV. i. 191.

"*Nine Worthies*"; these were commonly enumerated as follows: — Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon; II. iv. 230. (*Cp. Love's Labour's Lost.*)

Nobles, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence; II. i. 161.

Noise, company of musicians; II. iv. 12. (The annexed illustration, representing two companies of noises, is taken from Harrison's *Arches of Triumph, erected in honour of the entry of James I. into London,* 1603.)

No other, nothing else (Quarto, "*otherwise*"); V. ii. 62.

Nut-hook, contemptuous term for a catchpole; V. iv. 8.

Obedience, obeisance; IV. v. 147.

Observance, obeisance, homage; IV. iii. 16.

Observed, deferred to; IV. iv. 30.

O'er-posting, getting clear of; I. ii. 162.

Offer, menace; IV. i. 219.

Offices, domestic offices, apartments (especially servants' quarters); I. iii. 47.

Omit, neglect; IV. iv. 27.

On, of; I. iii. 102.

One, i.e. mark, score; pronounced "*own*" (Theobald conjectured "*Lone*" = *loan;* Collier MS., "*score*"); II. i. 32.

Opposite, adversary, opponent; I. iii. 55.

Orchard, garden; V. iii. 1.

Ostentation, outward show; II. ii. 54.

Ouches, ornaments; II. iv. 53.

Ousel, blackbird; (Quarto, "*woosel*"; Folios, "*Ousel*"); III. ii. 9.

Out; "will not out," will not fail you; a sportsman's expression; V. iii. 67.

Outbreathed, out of breath, exhausted; I. i. 108.

Overlive, outlive; IV. i. 15.

Over-rode, caught him up, outrode; I. i. 30.

Overscutched, (?) overscotched or, overwhipped; (Quarto, "*ouer-schucht*"; Grant White, "*over-switched*"; "*over-switched house-wife*" = (according to Ray, a strumpet); III. ii. 335.

Overween, think arrogantly; IV. i. 149.

Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; II. iv. 249.

Parcels, small parts, particulars; IV. ii. 36.

Parcel-gilt, part-gilt, generally only the embossed portions; II. i. 90.

Part, depart; IV. ii. 70.

Part, "characteristic action"; IV. v. 64.

Particular; "his particular," its details; IV. iv. 90.

Passing, surprisingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.

'Pauls'; "The body of old St. Paul's Church in London was a constant place of resort for business and amusement. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, and politics discussed" (Nares); I. ii. 57.

Pawn'd, pledged; IV. ii. 112.

Peasant, rural, provincial (Collier MS., "*pleasant*"); Induct. 33.

Peascod-time, the time when peas are in pod; II. iv. 403.

Persistency, persistency in evil, II. ii. 50.

Peruse, survey, examine; IV. ii. 94.

Picking, petty; IV. i. 198.

'Pie-corner,' near Giltspur Street; the Great Fire ended at this corner; II. i. 26.

Please it, if it please; I. i. 5.

Point, a signal given by the blast of a trumpet (Collier MS., "*report*"; Singer, "*a bruit*"); IV. i. 52.

Point, a tagged lace, used to tie parts of the dress; I. i. 53.

Points, mark of commission; perhaps the same as the shoulder-knots worn by soldiers and livery servants; II. iv. 138.

Ports, portals, IV. v. 24.

Posts, post-horses; IV. iii. 38.

Pottle-pot, a tankard holding two quarts; II. ii. 83.

Power, armed force; I. iii. 29.

Precepts, summonses; V. i. 13.

Precisely, exactly; IV. i. 205.

Pregnancy, ready wit; I. ii. 182.

Present, immediate; IV. iii. 76.

Presented, represented; V. ii. 79.

Prick, mark, put him on the list; III. ii. 119.

Pricked down, marked; II. iv. 349.

Proface; "an Anglicized form of the Italian *prò vi faccia*"; "much good may it do you"; V. iii. 28.

Project, expectation; I. iii. 29.

Proof; "come to any proof," show themselves worth anything when it comes to the test; IV. iii. 93.

Proper, handsome; II. ii. 72.

Proper, appropriate; I. iii. 32.

Proper, own; V. ii. 109.

Proposal, suppose; V. ii. 92.

Pulsidge, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *pulse*; II. iv. 24.

Punish by the heels, the technical term for committing to prison; I. ii. 133.

Purchased; "used probably in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act,* as opposed to an acquisition by descent" (Malone); IV. v. 200.

Push, thrust; II. ii. 40.

Quantities, small pieces; V. i. 67.

Quean, contemptible wench, hussy; II. i. 48.

Queasiness, sickly feeling, nausea; I. i. 196.

Question; "in q.," under judicial trial; I. ii. 66.

Quit, safe, free; III. ii. 251.

Quittance, requital, return of blows; I. i. 108.

Quiver, nimble; III. ii. 295.

Quoif, cap or hood; "sickly q.," cap which is the badge of sickness; I. i. 147.

Quoit, throw, pitch (Quarto, "*Quaite*"); II. iv. 200.

Ragged, rugged, rough, Induct. 35; beggarly, V. ii. 38.

Ragged'st, roughest (Theobald conjectured "*rugged'st*"); I. i. 151.

Ralph (Quarto, "*Rafe*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Ralphe*"); III. ii. 106.

Rampallian, an abusive epithet (*cp.* "*rapscallion*"); II. i. 61.

Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; II. iv. 209.

Rascals; originally lean deer not fit to hunt or kill; II. iv. 43.

Rash, quickly ignited; IV. iv. 48.

From a fan of the year 1728, on which are depicted this and other scenes of Bartholomew Fair.

Rated, chided; III. i. 68.
Recordation to, memory of; II. iii. 61.
Red lattice, an ale-house window, commonly red; II. ii. 86. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Red wheat, late wheat, spring wheat; V. i. 16.
Remember'd, mentioned; V. ii. 142.
Remembrance, memory; II. iii. 59; admonition; V. ii. 115.
Render'd, reported, told; I. i. 27.
Resolved correction, the chastisement determined upon; IV. i. 213.
Respect, regard, consideration; I. i. 184.
Rheumatic, probably a blunder for *splenetic*; II. iv. 60.
Rides the wild-mare, plays at see-saw; II. iv. 259.
Rigol, circlet; IV. v. 36.
Ripe, mature; IV. i. 13.
Rising, insurrection; I. i. 204.
Robin Hood, Scarlet and John; V. iii. 103. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the *editio princeps* (1686) of Robin Hood's Garland.

Rood, crucifix; III. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the MS. Harl., 1527.

Roundly, without much ceremony; III. ii. 20.
Routs, gangs; IV. i. 33.
Rowel-head, the axis on which the wheel-shaped points of a spur turn; I. i. 46.
Royal faiths, faith to the king (Hanmer conjectured, "*loyal*"); IV. i. 193.

Sack; generic term for Spanish wines; I. ii. 214.
Sad, sober, serious; V. i. 89.
Sadly, soberly; V. ii. 125.
Samingo, probably a blunder for *San Domingo,* the patron saint of topers; a common burden of drinking-songs; V. iii. 75.
Saving your manhoods, saving your reverence; II. i. 27.
Scab, a term of contempt and disgust; III. ii. 290.
Scattered stray, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.

Seal'd up, fully confirmed; IV. v. 104.
Sect, sex; II. iv. 39.
Semblable, similar; V. i. 69.
Set off, (?) = cast out, ignored, or = rendered account for (Clarke); (perhaps the phrase is intentionally vague); IV. i. 145.
Set on, begin to march; I. iii. 109.
Seven stars, the Pleiades; II. iv. 196.
Shadows; "s. to fill up the muster-book," *i.e.* "we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men" (Johnson); III. ii. 143.
Shall, will; I. ii. 24.
Sherris-sack, sherry; a Spanish wine, so called from the town of Xeres; IV. iii. 99.
Shot, marksman; III. ii. 289.
Shove-groat; "s. shilling," alluding to a game which consisted in pushing pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks; II. iv. 200. (*Cp.* illustration in *Merry Wives.*)
Shrewd, mischevious; II. iv. 220.
Shrove-tide, a time of special merriment, as the close of the carnival season; V. iii. 36.
Sights, eye-holes; IV. i. 121.
Sign of the leg, the sign over a bootmaker's shop; II. iv. 262.
Silkman, silk mercer; II. i. 29.
Single, simple, silly (used quiblingly); I. ii. 198.
Slops, loose breeches; I. ii. 34.
Smack, taste, savour; I. ii. 106.
Smooth-pates, sleek-headed; "a synonym for the later and more historical name *roundheads*" (Quarto, "*smoothy-pates*"); I. ii. 42.
Sneap, snubbing, rebuke; II. i. 129.
So, so be it; III. ii. 248.
Soft; "s. silencing," gently reproving; V. ii. 97.
Something a, a somewhat (Collier MS., "*something of*"); I. ii. 202-3.
Soon; "soon at night," this very night; V. v. 91.
Sort, manner; IV. v. 201.
South, south wind; II. iv. 382.
Spirits, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 198.
Spoke on, spoken of (Folios, "*spoken of*"); II. ii. 69.
Stand; "s. my good lord," be my kind master, patron; IV. iii. 85.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ii. 41.
Spirits, monosyllabic (as often); I. i. 108.
State of floods; "the majestic dignity of the ocean" (Malone); (Hanmer, "*floods of state*"); V. ii. 132.
Stick, hesitate; I. ii. 25.
Stiff-borne, obstinately pursued; I. i. 177.
Still, continually; Induct. 4.
Still-discordant, ever-discordant; Induct. 19.
Still-stand, standstill; II. iii. 64.
Stomach, appetite; IV. iv. 105.

Stops, the holes in a wind instrument by the opening or closing of which by the fingers the sounds are produced; Induct. 17.

Strained, excessive; I. i. 161.

Strange-achieved, (?) strangely acquired (by wrong means); according to some, "gained in foreign lands" (Schmidt, "gained and not yet enjoyed"); IV. v. 72.

Stratagem, "anything amazing and appalling"; I. i. 8.

Strengths, armies, forces; I. iii. 76.

Strond, strand; I. i. 62.

Studied, inclined; II. ii. 10.

Success, succession, continuation; IV. ii. 47.

Successively, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.

Sufferance, suffering; V. iv. 28.

Suggestion, temptation; IV. iv. 45.

Supplies, additional forces, reserves; IV. ii. 45.

Surecard; "surecard was used as a term for a *boon-companion* as lately as the latter end of the last century" (Malone); (Quartos, "*Soccard*"); III. ii. 94.

Suspire, breathe; IV. v. 33.

Swaggerers, bullies, blusterers; II. iv. 80.

Sway on, move on (Collier "*Let's away*"); IV. i. 24.

Swinge-bucklers, roisterers; III. ii. 23.

Swinged, whipped; V. iv. 21.

Tables; table-books, memorandum books; II. iv. 280.

Ta'en up, taken up, levied (Quarto, "*tane*"; Folios, "*taken*"); IV. ii. 26.

Take the heat, get the start of him; II. iv. 314-5.

Take such order, give such orders; III. ii. 194.

Take up, encounter; I. iii. 73.

Taking up, obtaining on trust; I. ii. 45.

Tall, used ironically; V. i. 62.

Tall, sturdy; III. ii. 66.

Tap for tap, tit for tat; II. i. 201.

Tempering, becoming soft like wax; IV. iii. 136.

Temperality, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for *temper*; II. iv. 24.

Tends, contributes (Folios, "*tends*"; Quarto, "*intends*"); I. ii. 9.

Tester, sixpence; III. ii. 291.

Tewksbury mustard, mustard made in Tewkesbury; II. iv. 253.

That that, that which; IV. iv.

That, so that; I. i. 197.

Theme, business; I. iii. 22.

Thewes, muscles and sinews; III. ii. 271.

Thick, fast; II. iii. 24.

Thin man in a censer, evidently meaning that the officer wore the kind of cap which is here likened to a censer; V. iv. 20. (*Cp. Censer.*)

Three-man beetle, "a heavy rammer with three handles used in driving piles, requiring three men to wield it"; I. ii. 246.

Tilly-fally, an exclamation of contempt; II. iv. 87.
Tirrits, Mrs. Q.'s blunder for (?) *terrors*; II. iv. 213.
To, compared to; IV. iii. 55.
To, for; III. ii. 175.
Tolling, ringing for (Quarto, "*tolling*"; Folios, "*knolling*"); I. i. 103.
Toward, in preparation; II. iv. 208.
Toys, trifles; II. iv. 178.
Trade, activity, intercourse with; I. i. 174.
Traverse, marsh; III. ii. 286.
Trimm'd, trimmed up, furnished with (Folios, 2, 3, 4, "*trimm'd up*"; Vaughan, "*Cramm'd*"); I. iii. 94.
Trip, defeat; V. ii. 87.
Turk; "the Turk," the Grand Turk—the Sultan; III. ii. 325.
Turnbull street, a corruption of Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell; the resort of bullies, rogues, etc. (Folios, "*Turnball*"); III. ii. 323.
Twelve score, twelve score yards; III. ii. 51.

Uneasy, uncomfortable; III. i. 10.
Unfirm, weak; I. iii. 73.
Unseason'd, unseasonable; III. i. 105.
Up-swarm'd, raised in swarms; IV. ii. 30.
Utis; "old utis," great fun (utis, *cp. huit*; originally applied to the eighth day of a festival); II. iv. 20.

Vail his stomach, lower his haughty pride; I. i. 129.
Valuation; "our v.," the estimation of us; IV. i. 189.
Varlet, knave, rascal; V. iii. 12.
Vaward, vanguard (Theobald conjectured "*rearguard*" or "*waneward*"); I. ii. 190.
Vent, small hole made for passage; Induct. 2.
Venture, let us venture; I. i. 185.
Vessel; 'the united v. of their blood,' the vessel of their united blood; IV. iv. 44.
Vice, grip, grasp (Quarto, "*view*"); II. i. 22.
Vice's dagger, the wooden dagger carried by the *Vice* of the old Morality plays; III. ii. 337.

Wanton, luxurious, effiminate; I. i. 148.
Warder, staff of command; IV. i. 125.
Wassail candle, a large candle lighted up at a feast; I. ii. 169.
Watch-case, sentry-box; III. i. 17.
Water-work, water colours; II. i. 152.
Well conceited, clevered, retorted; V. i. 37.
Well encounter'd, well met; IV. ii. 1.
What, an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 2.
What, who; I. i. 2.

What the good-year, supposed to be a corruption from *goujère, i.e.* the French disease; a mild oath; II. iv. 62.

Wheeson, Whitsun; (Folios, "*Whitson*"); II. i. 92.

Whipping-cheer, whipping fare; V. iv. 5. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Who, which; V. ii. 128.

Winking, closing his eyes; I. iii. 33.

With, by; I. i. 204.

Withal, with; IV. ii. 95.

Within a ken, in sight; IV. i. 151.

'*Witness'd usurpation*'="witnesses, or traces, of its usurpation"; I. i. 63.

Woe-begone, overwhelmed with grief; (Bentley conjectured "*Ucalegon*"); I. i. 71.

Woman-queller, woman-killer; II. i. 55.

Woncot, Wilnecote, a village near Stratford (Collier MS., "*Wilnecot*"); V. i. 40.

Wo't, wouldst; "Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?" (Quarto, "*thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta*"; Folios, "*Thou wilt not? thou wilt not?*"); II. i. 59.

Wrought the mure, worn away the wall; IV. iv. 119.

Yea-forsooth knave; "one saying *yea* and *forsooth*; alluding to the mild quality of citizen oaths"; I. ii. 40.

Yeoman, a kind of under-bailiff, sheriff's officer; II. i. 3.

Yet, still; I. i. 82.

Zeal; "z. of God," *i.e.* "devotion to God's cause" (Capell conjectured "*seal*"); IV. ii. 27.

Whipping-cheer.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

INDUCTION. '*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*Enter Rumour.*' In ancient pageants Rumour was often represented as apparelled in a robe 'full of toongs'; Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure,* describes Rumour as

> "*A goodly lady, environed about*
> *With tongues of fire.*"

Similarly Chaucer, *House of Fame,* 298-300. Probably the idea was ultimately derived from Virgil, *Æneid.* IV. 173-188.

INDUCT. 6. '*tongues,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*tongue.*'

INDUCT. 8. '*men,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*them.*'

I. i. 62. '*whereon,*' so Quarto; Folios, '*when.*'

I. i. 66. '*Hateful death put on his ugliest mask.* *Cp.* the accompanying illustration from a specimen formerly used in the *Todtentanz,* and preserved in the old German Museum of Nuremberg.

I. i. 164. '*Lean*'; Quarto, '*leaue*'; 'your'; Quarto, '*you.*'

I. i. 166-179; 189-209; omitted in Quarto.

I. ii. 8. '*foolish-compounded clay, man*'; Quarto and Folios, '*foolish compounded clay-man.*'

I. ii. 39. '*his tongue be hotter,*' alluding to the rich man in the Parable, *Luke* XVI. 24.

I. ii. 40. '*a rascally yea-forsooth knave*'; Quarto, '*rascall.*'

I. ii. 61, 62. '*here comes the nobleman who committed the prince,*' etc.; this was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. *Cp.* illustration to note on V. ii. 38.

I. ii. 129. In Quarto the prefix '*Old*' is given instead of *Fal*(*staff*), *cp. Preface.*

I. ii. 180. '*I cannot go; I cannot tell*'; Johnson was probably right in seeing here a play on *go* and *tell* in the sense of '*pass current*' and '*count as good money.*'

I. ii. 229. *'spit white'; cp. Batman uppon Bartholome,* ed. 1582 (quoted by Dr. Furnivall):—*"If the spittle be white viscus, the sickness cometh of fleam; if black, of melancholy; the white spittle not knottie signifieth health."* Other passages indicate that it was also regarded as a sign of thirst.

I. ii. 232-238. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 36-55. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 36, etc.

> *'If this present quality of war*
> *Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,'* etc.

Various attempts have been made to restore the meaning of the lines. Malone's reading has been generally accepted:—

> *'Yes, in this present quality of war:*
> *Indeed the instant action—a cause on foot—*
> *Lives so in hope as in an early spring,'*

which Grant White paraphrases, "Yes, in this present quality, function, or business of war, it is harmful to lay down likelihoods, etc. Indeed this very action or affair—a cause on foot—is no more hopeful of fruition than the buds of an unseasonably early spring." Pope proposed *"Impede the instant act"*; Johnson, *"in this present. . . . Indeed of instant action"*; Mason, *"if this prescient quality of war Induc'd the instant action,"* etc.

I. iii. 71. *'against the French.'* A French army of 12,000 men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Glendower, during this rebellion.

I. iii. 85-108. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 162. *'so God save me, la!'*; Quarto, *'so God save me law'*; Folios, *'in good earnest la.'*

II. ii. 26-30. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 80. *'virtuous'*; Folio, *'pernicious'*; Capell conjectured *'precious.'*

II. ii. 92. *'Althæa'*; the boy here confounds Althæa's firebrand with Hecuba's; perhaps the blunder was the poet's.

II. ii. 121. *'borrower's cap'*; Theobald's emendation; Folios and Quarto, *'borrowed cap.'*

II. ii. 180. *'leathern jerkins,'* commonly worn by vintners and tapsters.

II. iii. 12. *'heart's dear Harry'*; Folios, *'heart-deere-Harry.'*

II. iii. 19. *'thee grey vault of heaven'*; *cp.* the use of 'grey'

applied to the eyes, where we generally use 'blue'; *'grey-eyed morn'* (*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 1) may perhaps illustrate the same fact.

II. iv. 35. *'When Arthur first in court'*; from the ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*, printed in Percy's Reliques.

II. iv. 51. *'your brooches, pearls, and ouches'*; a scrap of an old ballad, first marked as a quotation by Capell.

II. iv. 56, 57. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 115. PISTOL has been likened to the character of 'the swaggering ruffian,' CENTURIO, in the famous Spanish play by Rojas, called *Celestina*, which was translated into English by James Mabbe; and though entered on the Stationers' Register in 1598, the translation was not issued till 1630. It is more than probable that Mabbe was one of Shakespeare's friends; at all events, the dramatist may easily have read the English *Tragicke-Comedye of Celestina* in MS. (Mabbe's fascinating book has recently been reprinted as a volume of Mr. Nutt's *Tudor Translations*.)

II. iv. 137. *'Since when, I pray you, sir?'* a scoffing form of enquiry.

II. iv. 142, 143. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 168. *'Have we not Hiren here?'* probably a quotation from a lost play by George Peele called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*; 'Hiren,' a corruption of 'Irene.'

II. iv. 173. *'And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia'*; *cp. 2 Tamburlaine*, IV. iv.:—

> *"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!*
> *What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"*

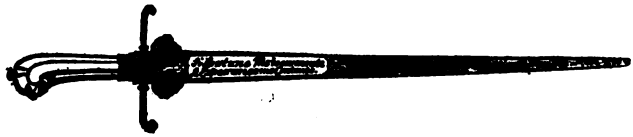
II. iv. 177. *'Let the welkin roar'*; a commonplace tag in old ballads of the time.

II. iv. 187. *'Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis'*; a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594); Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword, and says, *'Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis.'*

II. iv. 189. *'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento'*; the line, probably purposely corrupted, was restored by Hanmer:—*'Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta'* (*i.e.* 'If fortune torments me, hope contents me'). "Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga," remarked Farmer, "who vaunted on yielding

himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, Fancies:*—

'Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il speranza me contenta.'"



From an old French rapier formerly in the Douce collection.

II. iv. 205. *'Then death rock me asleep,'* etc.; said to be a fragment of an old song written by Anne Boleyn.

II. iv. 207. *'Untwine the Sisters Three'*; *cp. Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 343-348, where there is a reference to the 'shears' of Atropos, the Fate that cut the thread of human destiny.

which Gran.' *Fiery Trigon'*; alluding to the astrological division function, or busine.. into four *trigons* or *triplicities*; one consisting etc. Indeed this very a (Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius); the others, hopeful of fruition than th.. hree watery, and three earthly signs. Pope proposed "*Impede the in..* were in the three fiery signs they *ent. . . . Indeed of instant act.. .er*, Scorpio, and Pisces, a *quality of war Induc'd the instant act..*

I. iii. 71. *'against the French.'* A Fren.. o I (*i.e.* the earlier landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid ing this rebellion. reads *'Then*

I. iii. 85-108. Omitted in Quarto. *happy low-*

II. i. 162. *'so God save me, la!'*; Quarto, *'so Go..* o seems *law'*; Folios, *'in good earnest la.'* *lye*

II. ii. 26-30. Omitted in Folios. y in

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II. iii. 12. *'heart's dear Harry'*; Folios, *'heart-deere-Harry.'*

II. iii. 19. *'thee grey vault of heaven'*; *cp.* the use of 'grey'

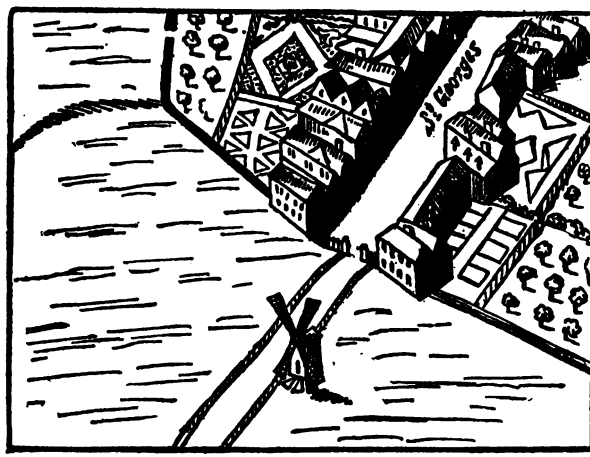
I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at line' (*cp. infra,* ll. 351, 352; 'luce' = 'pike,' *cp.* Note, line 1, *Merry Wives of Windsor*).

III. ii. 26. *'Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.'* This is generally given as one of the points of evidence that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Sir John Oldcastle having actually been in his youth page to the Duke of Norfolk: but it would seem that the same is true of Sir John Fastolf.

III. ii. 31. *'I see* (Folios, *'saw'*) *him break Skogan's head'* (Quarto, *Skoggins*; Folio 1, *'Scoggans'*); two Scogans must be carefully differentiated, though probably both are confused by Shakespeare in this passage:—(i.) Henry Scogan, the poet, Chaucer's Scogan, described by Ben Jonson in *The Fortunate Isles,* as

> *"a fine gentleman, and master of arts*
> *Of Henry the Fourth's times, that made disguises*
> *For the King's sons, and writ in ballad royal*
> *Daintily well";*

(ii.) John Scogan, "an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, the favourite buffoon of the court of Edward



From Faithorne's *Map of London,* 1658, the only known copy of which is preserved in the National Library at Paris.

IV." A book of *'Scogins Jests'* was published in 1565 by Andrew Borde, and probably suggested the name to Shakespeare.

III. ii. 140. *'but much of the father's substance'*; so Quarto; Folios, *'not'*; the Variorum of 1821 proposed *'not much'*; the Quarto reading must be understood as ironical.

III. ii. 203. *'The windmill in St. George's field'*; (*cp.* illustration).

III. ii. 294. *'Dagonet in Arthur's show'*; *Sir Dagonet* is Ar-

The Knights of the Round Table (see note on III. ii. 294)
From an illuminated MS. of *Lancelot* (No 676) in the National Library at Paris.

thur's fool in the story of Tristram de Lyonesse; *'Arthur's show'* was an exhibition of archery by a society of 58 members which styled itself *"The Ancient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthur and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,"*

and took the names of the knights of the old Romance. Mulcaster referred to it in his *Positions, concerning the training up of children* (1581). The meeting-place of the society was Mile-end Green. (The names of the knights of the old romance may be well illustrated by the illustration on the next page.)

III. ii. 331. '*invisible*'; Rowe's emendation; Quarto and Folios, '*invincible*,' *i.e.* (?) "not to be evinced, not to be made out, indeterminable" (Schmidt).

III. ii. 332, 333. '*yet . . . mandrake*'; 340-343, '*a' came . . . good-nights*'; omitted in Folios.

III. ii. 349. '*philosopher's two stones*'; "one of which was an universal medicine, the other a transmuter of base metals into gold"; so Warburton; Malone explains:—"I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher's stone."

IV. i. 55-79. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. i. 71. '*there*'; the reading of the Folios; Hanmer conjectured '*sphere*'; Collier '*chair.*'

IV. i. 93. Neither this line nor 95 is to be found in the Folios, and they are omitted in some copies of the Quarto. To some corruption of the text is due the obscurity of ll. 94-96, which Clarke paraphrases:—"The grievances of my brother general, the commonwealth, and the home cruelty to my born brother, cause me to make this quarrel my own." The archbishop's brother had been beheaded by the King's order.

IV. i. 103-139. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. i. 173. '*true substantial form*,' *i.e.* 'in due form and legal validity.'

IV. iii. 43. '*hook-nosed fellow of Rome*'; Quarto adds '*there cosin*' before '*I came*,' which Johnson took to be a corruption of '*there, Cæsar.*'

IV. iii. 121, 122. '*commences it and sets it in act and use*'; Tyrwhitt saw in these words an allusion "to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act*; for by those different names the two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each gives to her respective students a complete authority to use *those hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees."

IV. iv. 35. '*as flaws congealed in the spring of day*'; according to Warburton the allusion is "to the opinion of some philosophers that the vapours being congealed in the air by the cold (which is most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and

impetuous gusts of wind which are called flaws"; Malone explained '*flaws*' to mean "small blades of ice which are stuck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."

IV. iv. 122. '*loathly births of nature,*' *i.e.* unnatural births.

IV. v. 205. '*And all my friends*'; Tyrwhitt's conjecture for '*thy friends*' of the Folios and Quarto. Dyce '*my foes.*' Clarke explains the original reading thus:—"By the first *thy friends* the King means those who are friendly inclined to the prince, and who, he goes on to say, must be made securely friends."

IV. v. 235. ''*Tis called Jerusalem*'; probably from the tapestries of the history of Jerusalem with which it was hung; now used for the meetings of Convocation.

V. i. 31, 32. '*A friend i' court is better than a penny in purse*'; *cp. The Romaunt of the Rose,* 5540:—

> "*For frende in court aie better is*
> *Than peny is i npurse, certis*";

Camden gives the same proverbial expression.

V. ii. 38. '*A ragged and forestall'd remission*'; '*forestall'd* has been variously interpreted; the simplest interpretation seems to be 'anticipated, asked for before being granted,' not necessarily by the Chief-Justice himself, but by his friends; the explanation fits in well with the dignified utterance of the speaker. Others explain, 'a pardon that is sure not to be granted, the case having been prejudged'; 'a pardon which is precluded from being absolute, by the refusal of the offender to accuse or alter his conduct,' etc. (The accompanying figure, from a monument in Deerhurst Church, Gloucestershire, represents the costume of a judge of the time of Henry IV.)

V. iii. 73. '*Do me right*'; 'to do a man right' was formerly, according to Steevens, the usual expression in pledging healths.

'*And dub me knight*'; it was a custom in Shakespeare's day to drink a bumper kneeling to the health of one's mistress. He who performed this exploit was *dubbed a knight* for the evening, *cp. A Yorkshire Tragedy,* "They call it knighting in London when they drink upon their knees" (Malone).

V. iii. 121. '*Dead? As nail in door*'; an ancient proverbial expression; the door-nail was probably the nail on which the knocker struck. "It is there-

fore used as a comparison to any one irrevocably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte,* that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce."

V. iii. 141. *'Where is the life that late I led'*; a scrap of an old song; *cp. Taming of the Shrew,* IV. i.

V. v. 28. *'obsque hoc nihil est,' ''tis all in every part'*; the second and later Folios correct *'obsque'* to *'absque,'* but the error may have been intentional on the author's part. Pistol uses a Latin expression 'ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' and then goes on to allude to an English proverbial expression, "All in all, and all in every part," which he seems to give as its free rendering.

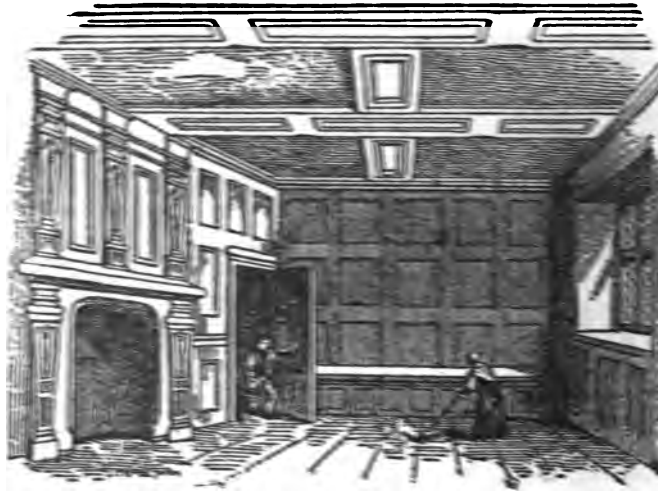
V. v. 108. *'I heard a bird so sing'*; a proverbial expression still extant.

Epilogue. Shakespeare's authorship of this epilogue has been doubted, and it has been described as 'a manifest and poor imitation of the epilogue to *As You Like It.*' It is noteworthy that it occurs already in the Quarto (1600), though with one important difference; the words *'and so kneel down . . . queen'* (ll. 36, 37) are printed there at the end of the first paragraph, after *'infinitely.'* It seems probable, therefore, that the epilogue originally ended there, and that the remaining lines were added somewhat later. One is strongly tempted to infer that the additions to the epilogue were called forth by the success of the first and second parts of the play of *Sir John Oldcastle,* written evidently to vindicate the character of Falstaff's original, and put on the stage as a counter-attraction to *Henry IV.,* hence the words, added in a spirit of playful defiance, *'for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man'* (l. 33). The first part of *Sir John Oldcastle* was performed for the first time about the 1st of November 1599, the second part, dealing with the Lollard's death, wase evidently written by the end of the year. *The First Part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham,* appeared in two editions in 1600; Shakespeare's name had been impudently printed on the title-page of the former and less correct edition; the authors were Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle. The 'Second Part' is not known to exist.

l. 28. *'our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine in France'*; Shakespeare changed his mind. "The public was not to be in-

dulged in laughter for laughter's sake at the expense of his play. The tone of the entire play of *Henry V.* would have been altered if Falstaff had been allowed to appear in it. . . . Agincourt is not the field for splendid mendacity. . . . There is no place for Falstaff any longer on earth: he must find refuge "in Arthur's bosom." " But the public would not absolve "our humble author of his promise, and they were to make merry again with their favourite

"round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter."



Interior of an Elizabethan Inn, Rochester.
From an engraving by Fairholt.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

INDUCTION.

[*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*] Judge Holmes and other commentators have called attention to the following from Bacon's essay, *Of Fame*: "The poets make Fame a monster: they describe her in part finely and elegantly; and in part gravely and sententiously; they say, Look how many feathers she hath; so many eyes she hath underneath, so many tongues, so many voices, she pricks up so many ears. This is a flourish. There follow excellent parables; as that she gathereth strength in going; that she goeth upon the ground, and yet hideth her head in the clouds; that in the daytime she sitteth in a watch-tower, and flieth most by night; that she mingleth things done with things not done, and that she is a terror to great cities." This description is almost a literal translation of that given of Fama by Virgil.

35. *this worm-eaten hold*:—Northumberland's residence, Warkworth Castle.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

6. [*Enter Northumberland.*] Holinshed gives these particulars: "The King was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that, under their chieftain Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a con-

spiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scroope, Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray, earl marshall, son to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished, the Lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet altogether with their whole power upon Yorkswold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the earl marshall, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed that, not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves grieved with: which articles they showed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that, for redress of such oppressions, they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were."

47. *devour the way*:—So in Job, xxxix. 24: "He *swalloweth the ground* with fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*: "But with that speed and heat of appetite, with which they greedily *devour the way* to some great sports."

209. *more and less*:—Great and small in rank; high and low.

Scene II.

1. The practice of diagnosing diseases by the mere examination of urine was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the water of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnosis.

7. *Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me*:—This passage might be aptly quoted as proving that with Falstaff the main business of life is to laugh and provoke laughter. He is manifestly himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; enjoys their quips even more perhaps than they do, because he is the begetter of them; as being the flint which alone can draw forth sparks from their steel, and himself shining by the light he

causes them to emit. And in what he says just after to the Page we see that much as he values the things that minister to his "huge hill of flesh," he values that hill itself still more as ministering opportunities of saying fine things; and that he would not spare an ounce from that bulk out of which he can extract occasion for such prodigies of humour.

40. *a rascally yea-forsooth knave!*—Shakespeare here alludes to the mild quality of citizen oaths, which excites no less disgust in Falstaff than in Hotspur—affording an edifying comment on the strange points that afford self-complacency to those who plume themselves on their aristocratic superiority and patrician superexcellence. Very noteworthy is it that even while arousing our highest admiration at the spirited lines with which he has limned Harry Percy, or at the unction of blended wit and humour with which he makes Sir John fabricate a characteristic epithet out of a petty oath by way of designating a city mercer, the Poet gives us at the very same time a pithy index of the insolent assumptions entertained by the dominant and domineering classes in his time.

145, 146. *As I was then advised,* etc.:—The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question.

241, 242. *Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?*—The point and aptness of this question are so subtle as to be, perhaps, not always taken. The judge has just been exhorting him to honesty; he therefore says, Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while.

Scene III.

[*Enter the Archbishop.*] "The Archbishop," as Holinshed relates, "not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the King. the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, as well of the city, towns, and countries

about, being allured either for desire of change, or else for desire to see a reformation in such things as were mentioned in the articles, assembled together in great numbers; and the Archbishop coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and manfully to continue in their begun purpose; promising forgiveness of sins to all them whose hap it was to die in the quarrel; and thus, not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about that were able to bear weapon, came to the Archbishop and the earl marshall. Indeed, the respect that men had to the Archbishop caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation."

82. *The Duke of Lancaster*:—This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually Duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first Parliament of King Henry IV., says, "His *second sonne* was there made Duke of Lancaster."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

44. [*Enter Falstaff.*] Of this play's changes from grave to gay, Ulrici says: "The comic parts illustrate clearly and fully the leading thought of the whole play in both its parts. In the first we are shown that strife and war, in the second that so-called state actions (even though they treat of outwardly important interests, of crowns and principalities) are wholly unable to give history any real historical value; further that this value can be only of an ideal, ethical nature, and that, accordingly, with the rupture of the moral foundation, the organic equilibrium of political life itself is broken; that the course of history (even though outwardly and apparently well-regulated and entering other paths) is nevertheless internally disturbed and will not admit of the state enjoying rest and peace, till it has again recovered its necessary equilibrium."

88-108. Coleridge cites this speech of the Hostess as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance," and his

comment upon it is one of those rare felicities of criticism, such as we never think of until started by another, nor ever forget them after; they being so natural and apt that the mind no sooner sees them than it closes with them. "The poor soul's thoughts and sentences," says he, "are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."

Scene II.

[*Prince Henry.*] Brandes says: "Shakespeare had certainly sufficient personal experience to enable him to sympathize with this princely youth, who, despite the consciousness of his high aims, revels in his freedom, shuns the court life and ceremonial which await him, throws his dignity to the winds, riots in reckless high spirits, boxes the ears of the Lord Chief Justice, and has yet self-command enough to suffer arrest without resistance, takes part in a tourney with a common wench's glove in his helm—in short, does everything that most conflicts with his people's sense of propriety and his father's doctrines of prudence, but does it without coarseness, with a certain innocence, and without ever having to reproach himself with any actual self-degradation. Henry IV. misunderstands his son as completely as Frederick William of Prussia misunderstood the young Frederick the Great."

Scene III.

[*Northumberland.*] "Northumberland," says Hudson, "makes good his previous character: evermore talking big and doing nothing; full of verbal tempest and practical indecision; and still ruining his friends, and at last himself, between "I would" and "I dare not," he lives without our respect and dies unpitied of us; while his daughter-in-law's remembrance of her noble husband kindles a sharp resentment of his mean-spirited backwardness, and a hearty scorn of his blustering verbiage."

Scene IV.

[*The Boar's-head Tavern.*] Thornbury has aptly remarked that the characteristic of the Elizabethan age was its sociability. People were always meeting at St. Paul's, the theatre, or the tavern. Family intercourse, on the other hand, was almost unknown; women, as in ancient Greece, played no prominent part in society. The men gathered at the tavern club to drink, talk, and enjoy themselves. The festive bowl circulated freely, even more so than in Denmark, which nevertheless passed for the toper's paradise. (Compare the utterances on this subject in *Hamlet,* I. iv., and *Othello,* II. iii.) The taverns were, moreover, favourite places for the rendezvous of court gallants with citizens' wives; fast young men would bring their mistresses with them, and here, after supper, gambling went on merrily. At the taverns writers and poets met in good fellowship, and carried on wordy wars, battles of wit, sparkling with mirth and fantasy. They were like tennis-rallies of words, in which the great thing was to tire out your adversary; they were skirmishes in which the combatants poured into each other whole volleys of conceits. Beaumont has celebrated them in some verses to Ben Jonson, who, both as a great drinker and as an entertaining *magister bibendi,* was much admired and fêted:—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

68-71. *Come, I'll be friends,* etc.:—It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvises in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:—

"Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares."

89-92. *Master Tisick . . . Master Dumbe*:—The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumbe* are ludicrously intended to de-

note that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II.

108. *nor no cheater*:—The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator* or officer of the exchequer. Lord Coke puns upon the equivoque: "But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*."

363. *contrary to the law*:—By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish days, victuallers were expressly forbidden to furnish flesh in lent. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretense of being victualling houses and taverns, just as too often we see them in cities to-day.

404. *an honester and truer-hearted man*:—"These valedictory words," says Clarke, "(printed in the Folio with a dash, to indicate a broken speech, as if unfinished from incapacity to express all she feels of admiration) uttered by Hostess Quickly after nearly thirty years' experience of Sir John's honesty and truth, serve better than pages of commentary upon his powers of fascination, to show how strong is the spell he exercises upon the judgement and affections of those with whom he associates. The Hostess's blind idolatry, Bardolph's toughly worshipping attachment (as seen in *Henry V.*) form the handsomest excuse for the bewitchment with which the Prince seeks his society."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

80-84. *There is a history . . . life*:—Throughout this second part, the King, besieged by cares and living in the shadow of death, is richer in thought and wisdom than ever before. What he says, and what is said to him, seems drawn by the Poet from the very depths of his own experience, and addressed to men of the like experience and thought. Every word of this Scene is in the highest degree significant and admirable. It is here that the

King turns to what we now call geology for an image of the historical mutability of all things. When he mournfully reminds his attendants that Richard II., whom he displaced, prophesied a nemesis to come from those who had helped him to the throne, and that this nemesis has now overtaken him, Warwick answers with the profound and astonishingly modern reflection embodied in these lines.

92-93. To the words of Warwick just cited, the King returns this no less philosophical answer.

103. *Glendower is dead*:—Glendower did not die till after the death of King Henry IV. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed.

Scene II.

50, 51. *clapped i' the clout*, etc.:—By the provisions of an old statute, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score yards, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

71. *accommodated*:—It appears that it was fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce the word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt, a few lines below, to define it.

89. [*Enter Falstaff.*] Brandes thinks this play in its serious scenes more faithful to history than the first part. "In the comic scenes, which are very amply developed," he declares that "Shakespeare has achieved the feat of bringing Falstaff a second time upon the stage without giving us the least sense of anti-climax. He is incomparable as ever in his scenes with the Lord Chief Justice and with the women of the tavern; and when he goes down into Gloucestershire in his character of recruiting-officer, he is still at the height of his genius. As new comrades and foils to him, Shakespeare has here created the two contemptible country justices, Shallow and Silence. Shallow is a masterpiece, a compact of mere stupidity, foolishness, boastfulness, rascality, and senility; yet he appears a genius in comparison with the ineffable Silence. Here, as in the first part, the Poet evidently drew his comic types from the life of his own day."

337. *Vice's dagger*:—There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the old Vice or fool.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

170 *et. seq.* Holinshed's account runs: "The messengers returning to the Earl of Westmoreland, showed him what they had heard and brought from the Archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked the Archbishop's holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the Archbishop, who rejoicing hereat gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the earl marshall (against his will as it were) to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without any more ado the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him, agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest: Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end: and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the meantime let us drink together in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at point. They had no sooner shaken hands together, but that a knight was sent straightways from the Archbishop, to bring word to the people that there was peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside his arms, and to resort home to their houses."

176. *our awful banks*:—Of course the image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the state. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this.

193. *our royal faiths*:—So in *Henry VIII.*, IV. i. 7, 8: "The citizens . . . have shown at full their *royal* minds," that is, their minds well affected to the king.

Scene II.

8. *an iron man*:—Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, "coming foorth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them foorth to the enterprise in hand."

62 *et seq.* Holinshed narrates: "The people beholding such

tokens of peace, as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, they being already wearied with the unaccustomed travail of war, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the meantime, whilst the people of the Archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland: and yet the Archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, until the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the earl marshall with diverse other. Thus saith Walsingham. But others write somewhat otherwise of this matter, affirming that the Earl of West moreland indeed, and the Lord Rafe Evers, procured the Archbishop and the earl marshall to come to a communication with them, upon a ground just in the midway betwixt both the armies, where the Earl of Westmoreland in talk declared to them how perilous an enterprise they had taken in hand, so as to raise the people, and to move war against the King; advising them therefore to submit themselves without further delay unto the King's mercy, and his son the Lord John, who was present there in the field with banners spread, ready to try the matter by dint of sword, if they refused this counsel; and therefore he willed them to remember themselves well: and if they would not yield and crave the King's pardon, he bade them to do their best to defend themselves."

112-123. *I pawn'd thee none,* etc.:—Johnson and other critics have been very indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of hot indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men do not know how to feel, and so go about to school them up to it. Verplanck rightly observes, that when Mowbray, two lines above, asks, "Is this proceeding just and honourable?" the Poet "took for granted that his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander."

Scene III.

37, 38. *nine score and odd posts*:—"Falstaff's fine exaggerations," as Clarke notes, "have so rich an excess that they proclaim their own immunity from censure as lies. They at once avow innocence of intention to deceive; they are uttered for the pure pleasure of wit-invention. It is not that he for a moment expects Prince John to believe in his having foundered more than a hundred and eighty horses, but he has a relish in defending himself with such exuberance of resource that his hearer shall be compelled to give way. He is not in the right; but it is his will that those who listen to him shall allow him to leave off as if he were in the right, even while he is in the wrong, for the pure sake of his wit. He never proves his case; but he so ably defends his cause that he invariably gains the day. No one can condemn, though no one acquits him; he is left unjudged, and suffered still to go at large, and in triumph—the victor ever."

90, 91. *a man cannot make him laugh*:—Falstaff's pride of wit—a pride which is most especially gratified in the fascination he has upon Prince Henry—is shrewdly manifested here, while at the same time a very important and operative principle of human character in general, and of Prince John's character in particular, is most hintingly touched. Falstaff sees that the brain of this "sober-blooded boy" has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that be he never so witty in himself he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humour, was all of a piece, vitally, with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party. Well, therefore, does Johnson remark upon the passage: "He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness."

106. *becomes excellent wit*:—Concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted by Hughson in his *History of London*, from an unpublished Diary of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good Lord T———; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I

and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline*, he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Devil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare old Ben had discussed the virtues of sack in more senses than one in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit; but surely Shakespeare's must have been far the best, since all the benefit of Falstaff's full-grown and ripe experience had accrued to him.

Scene IV.

[*The Jerusalem chamber.*] Holinshed says: "We find that he [King Henry] was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave and so to proceed forth on his journey. He was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently. Wherefore, to relieve him (if it were possible), they bare him unto a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him. At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name; whereunto answer was made that it was Jerusalem. Then, said the King, lauds be given to the Father of heaven; for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

79, 80. *'Tis seldom when the bee*, etc.:—As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

122. *Unfather'd heirs*:—To Staunton, these were certain so-called *prophets*, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin. So Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*:—

> "And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
> Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
> But wondrously begotten, and begonne

By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,
And coosen unto King Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous."

Also Montaigne, *Essays*: "In Mahomet's religion, by the easie beleefe of that people, are many Merlins found; that is to say, fatherles children; spiritual children, conceived and borne devinely in the wombs of virgins," etc.

Scene V.

2, 3. ***Unless some dull,*** etc.:—It has always been thought that *slow*, or in the old sense, dull music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1658, may witness:—

"O, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony."

[*Enter Prince Henry.*] Holinshed thus narrates the circumstances of the Prince's interview with the King: "The prince, sore offended with such persons as by slanderous reports sought, not only to spot his good name abroad in the realm, but to sow discord also betwixt him and his father, wrote his letters into every part of the realm, to reprove all such slanderous devices of those that sought his discredit. And to clear himself the better, that the world might understand what wrong he had to be slandered in such wise, about the feast of Peter and Paul, to wit, the nine-and-twentieth day of June, he came to the court, with such a number of noblemen and other his friends that wished him well, as the like train had been seldom seen repairing to the court at any one time in those days. The court was then at Westminster, where he being entered into the hall, not one of his company durst once

advance himself further than the fire in the same hall, notwithstanding they were earnestly requested by the lords to come higher; but they, regarding what they had in commandment of the Prince, would not presume to do in any thing contrary thereunto. He himself, only accompanied with those of the King's house, was straight admitted to the presence of the King his father, who being at that time grievously diseased, yet caused himself in his chair to be borne into his privy chamber, where, in the presence of three or four persons in whom he had most confidence, he commanded the Prince to show what he had to say concerning the cause of his coming. The Prince kneeling down before his father, said: Most redoubted and sovereign lord and father, I am at this time come to your presence as your liege man, and as your natural son, in all things to be at your commandment. And where I understand you have in suspicion my demeanour against your Grace, you know very well, that if I knew any man within this realm of whom you should stand in fear, my duty were to punish that person, thereby to remove that grief from your heart. Then how much more ought I to suffer death, to ease your Grace of that grief which you have of me, being your natural son and liege man; and to that end I have this day made myself ready by confession and receiving the sacrament. And therefore I beseech you, most redoubted lord and dear father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all such suspicion as you have of me, and to despatch me here before your knees with this same dagger (and withal he delivered unto the King his dagger in all humble reverence, adding further, that his life was not so dear to him that he wished to live one day with his displeasure); and therefore, in thus ridding me out of life, and yourself from all suspicion, here in presence of these lords, and before God at the day of the general judgement, I faithfully protest clearly to forgive you. The King, moved herewith, cast from him the dagger, and, embracing the Prince, kissed him, and with shedding tears confessed, that indeed he had him partly in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause; and therefore from thenceforth no misreport should cause him to have him in mistrust; and this he promised of his honour. Thus were the father and the son reconciled, betwixt whom the said pickthanks had sown division."

163. *medicine potable*:—It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was a panacea of ancient quacks.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter . . . Falstaff.*] "If," says Hudson, "we were to fix upon anything as especially characteristic of Falstaff, we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness, and at the same time is so apt and pertinent, as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever weary of Falstaff's talk, who understands it; his speech being like pure, fresh cold water, which always tastes good, because it is—tasteless. The wit of other men seems to be some special faculty or mode of thought, and lies in a quick seizing of remote and fanciful affinities; whereas in Falstaff it lies not in any one thing more than another, for which cause it cannot be defined, being indeed none other than that roundness and evenness of mind which we call good sense, so quickened and pointed as to produce the effect of wit, yet without hindrance to its own proper effect."

45-55. *I grant your worship,* etc.:—This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech in Parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the House of Commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

66-68. *If I were sawed,* etc.:—Clarke comments here: "The relish with which Falstaff each time stays by himself to witticize upon Shallow's peculiarities, the gusto with which he makes the justice's leanness furnish him with as ample store of humour as his own fatness, the shrewdness with which he penetrates the truth of the relative qualities and positions of the country magistrate and his serving-man, all show how thoroughly the author

himself enjoyed the composition of this thrice admirable comedy-portrait character."

76-80. *If I had a suit,* etc.:—This is a most shrewd and searching commentary on what has just passed between Shallow and Davy in Falstaff's presence. It is impossible to hit them more aptly, to take them off more felicitously. Of course Sir John could not be the greatest of makesports, as he is, unless he were, or at least were capable of being, something more. And in fact he has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the King; there being no other person in the play, except Prince Henry, that dives so quickly and deeply into the characters of those about him.

86. *which is four terms*:—These terms were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. During the law *terms,* many people went up from the country into the city, to transact business, learn the *fashions,* and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

88. *et seq.* Lloyd says: "In the second part of *Henry IV.* Falstaff lets out the principle and secret of his sycophancy. 'O it is much,' he says, 'that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders.' The rogue infallibly divines the Prince's rejoinder to every remark he makes, grossly as he mistakes as to the main point of the ultimate hold he supposes himself to possess on his habits or sympathies. To supply the Prince with mirth is his business and his enjoyment, and he gains his ludicrous points by exaggerating his personal unwieldiness and vices of mind and habit, ever with full reliance that the Prince will fall into the trap and never discern the trick. When wit and mirth and nimbleness of imaginative suggestions are in question, Falstaff is as superior to the Prince as the master to his instrument, and it is the very use of this superiority that misleads him into the belief that he has equal sway over his earnest purposes. The Prince is even inferior to Poins in the imaginative design and conduct of a jest."

Scene II.

73-83. *I then did use . . . commit you*:—While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When

Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne Chief Justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise and intrepid judge. In treating the commitment of the Prince, Shakespeare follows the *Chronicles*.

113, 114. *For which, I do commit*, etc.:—"The reader," says Verplanck, "must bear in mind that the present tenure of office for life by the English judges is but modern; and that, under the Plantagenets and Tudors, a Chief Justice might be removed like any other officer of the crown. Henry's voluntary retaining the Chief Justice in his high station is, therefore, a manly acknowledgement of his own error, and a magnanimous tribute to the uprightness of the magistrate. The story of the Prince's insolence, and his commitment to prison, is strictly historical, being related briefly by Hall and Holinshed, and more minutely by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book of political ethics entitled *The Governour*. But these are all silent as to Henry V.'s after-treatment of the Chief Justice, or the latter's being continued in office after the accession of Henry V. Several of the Shakespearian historical critics . . . deny the fact itself, and some of them in a tone of rebuke for the 'author's deviation from history.' I should be sorry to lose a noble example of moderation and magnanimity, in the exercise of political patronage, from history; but if those comments are correct, Shakespeare deserves the higher honour of not having merely adopted and beautifully enforced, but having invented the striking incident, embodying a noble lesson of political ethics, which in our own days even republican rulers may profit by. I incline to the opinion that the English commentators are in error as to the fact, and that the Poet has merely decorated and enforced the truth, which probably came down to him by popular and general tradition, as a plain fact, to which he has given the impressive weight of moral instruction." Verplanck follows these remarks with an argument in support of the substantial historical accuracy of the Poet in his treatment of the matter. And it is now considered to have been fully established that Shakespeare herein has based his "lesson of political ethics" on history no less than upon his own ideals of magnanimity.

Scene III.

3. *caraways*:—Caraway seeds were formerly much eaten with apples, for reasons which appear from the following quotations: In Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1594, it is stated that "careway

seeds are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with apples, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind would be eaten with other things that breake wind." Again: "Howbeit we are wont to eate carrawaies, or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them; and surely this is a verie good way for students."

Scene IV.

[*Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.*] "In his first years in London," says Brandes, "Shakespeare, as an underling in a company of players, can have had no opportunity of associating with other women than, firstly, those who sat for his Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet; secondly, those passionate and daring women who make the first advances to actors and poets; and, thirdly, those who served as models for his Merry Wives, with their sound bourgeois sense and not over delicate gaiety. But the ordinary citizen's wife or daughter of that day offered the Poet no sort of spiritual sustenance. They were, as a rule, quite illiterate. Shakespeare's younger daughter could not even write her own name."

Scene V.

56. *Reply not,* etc.:—"We see by this," shrewdly observes Clarke, "that there was a light in Falstaff's eye, a play of his lip that betokened some repartee as to wherefore the grave should naturally gape wider for him than for other and slenderer men; and the King, knowing of old that once let Falstaff retort and he is silenced, forestalls the intended reply by forbidding and condemning it beforehand."

"Nature," declares Warburton, "is highly touched in this passage. The King, having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it—'Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider,' etc.—and is just falling back into Hal, by a humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk. But he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight with

'Reply not to me with a fool-born jest';

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the Poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees and brought into a habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, interest, or reason."

The great change which transformed the Hal of yesterday into the King of to-day is thus set forth by Holinshed: "Henry, Prince of Wales, son and heir to King Henry the Fourth, born in Wales, at Monmouth on the river of Wye, after his father was departed took upon him the regiment of this realm of England, the twentieth of March, 1413, the morrow after proclaimed king by the name of Henry the Fifth. This king even at first appointing with himself to show that in his person princely honours should change public manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himself a companion unto misruly mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence (but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their places he chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy, by whose wise counsel he might at all times rule to his honour and dignity."

Questions on 2 Henry IV.

INDUCTION.

1. From what work of literature is this personification of Rumour ultimately derived?
2. Does Rumour in the following play ever influence the course of the action?
3. What does Rumour report of Harry Monmouth; of the King; of Northumberland?
4. What influence had Rumour in establishing the grounds for the action of this play?

ACT FIRST.

5. What kind of sickness has Rumour attributed to Northumberland? In what way does the news from the field of Shrewsbury reach him? How does he reveal his true character when the authentic reports arrive?
6. What words of Harry Percy in the First Part do the words of Morton (i. 170, 171) recall?
7. How does the insurrection, headed by the Archbishop of York, differ in character and in personnel from the rebellion headed by Percy?
8. What estimate of himself as a wit-producer does Falstaff utter? Into what state do his money affairs seem to be falling? Explain the secular use to which St. Paul's Church was put.
9. For what is the Lord Chief Justice noted? How is the incident here casually alluded to used elsewhere in the play?
10. How long does Sir John play upon his assumption of deafness? What reputation did he acquire from Shrewsbury?
11. Justify his humorous contentions concerning his youth.
12. What effort had the King made to separate Falstaff and Prince Hal?
13. How does Falstaff employ his mind when he has no audience?

14. What principles does Lord Bardolph lay down (Sc. iii.) that should check the enterprise? Is Northumberland trusted? How is the fickleness of public opinion shown?

ACT SECOND.

15. Does Hostess Quickly's defense of herself for bringing suit against Falstaff reveal a fondness for him, and so an excuse for her harshness?

16. Explain the method by which Hostess Quickly's mind works. In this does she resemble the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*?

17. How does Falstaff escape from the threatened arrest?

18. How is the recruiting scene of Act. III. foreshadowed?

19. What compunctions (Sc. ii.) does the Prince feel for keeping bad company? Why would he show no sadness over his father's sickness?

20. What was Shakespeare's intention in introducing the Page into the play?

21. What were the contents of Falstaff's letter to the Prince? Does Falstaff show jealousy of the Prince's friendship with Poins? From what stratum of society did Poins spring? What is argued from the fact that he is the only one to whom the Prince confides the serious side of his nature?

22. What new details does Lady Percy in Sc. iii. add to the portrait of Hotspur? What is the dramatic purpose of her speech as regards Northumberland? What revelation of herself is here effected?

23. Did the Prince ever show a genuine regard for Sir John? What effect had his jest with the apple-johns upon Falstaff?

24. Comment upon the realism of Shakespeare as seen in his characterization of Doll Tearsheet. Does she possess even the mitigating quality of humour?

25. What qualities are shown in Pistol that are lacking in the composition of the roisterers?

26. Did Doll recognize the Prince and Poins in their disguises?

27. What is the effect of Falstaff's words, *I am old, I am old*?

28. May we regard Sc. iv. as marking a culminating point in the Prince's wild career? To show this dramatically is not the uncompromising vulgarity of the tavern scene necessary? Give

a psychological analysis of the Prince during this scene. Is he elsewhere in the play seen with his tavern companions?

29. What is foreshadowed in the Prince's words: *Falstaff, good night?*

ACT THIRD.

30. What is the tenour of the King's soliloquy at the opening of the Act? How does the contrast presented in this speech conform to the general scheme of the play in presenting contrasts?

31. Is King Henry conscious of any power behind the shows of things, like Nemesis, that causes him uneasiness of spirit; or does he see only the bare fact of insubordination among his nobles? What is implied by his occasional reference to a projected crusade?

32. Describe the mental traits of Shallow and of Silence.

33. How does Bardolph comport himself away from the people who know him?

34. Are Falstaff's recruits to be regarded as typical of English soldiers of any period, or are they invented to serve as butts for Falstaff's wit?

35. From the reminiscences of Falstaff and Shallow construct a connected account of Falstaff's life.

36. Comment on his attitude towards Shallow and Silence. From his closing description of Shallow describe the allusive powers of Sir John's mind.

ACT FOURTH.

37. What is heard of Northumberland at the opening of the Act.

38. State the purpose of Westmoreland in visiting the rebellious nobles. Explain the craft he employs in avoiding the issues they present.

39. What is Mowbray's position both before and after the withdrawal of Northumberland with the conditions of peace? What is that of the Archbishop of York?

40. In what way does Lancaster continue the tone of Westmoreland in treating? Is there any mitigation of the deception that he played?

41. Does the sudden illness of Mowbray foreshadow the catastrophe? Has Shakespeare often presented so sharp a turn in the action of his plays?

42. Was the act of Lancaster and Westmoreland performed at Henry's suggestion? Did it meet with his approval or disapproval? Where does the dramatist look to find indignant disapproval? Is such an act disdained by kings in general when it is accomplished successfully?

43. Explain the humour of Falstaff's words (Sc. iii.), *let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds.*

44. Compare the way in which Falstaff fared at the hands of Lancaster with a similar situation in the First Part, V. iv., where Prince Hal stands in place of Lancaster. Is there a feeling that the shadows are beginning to fall around the old knight?

45. What is the purport of the King's advice to Thomas of Clarence? Is it consonant with the King's character?

46. What is the effect upon the King of the news from the field of battle?

47. What recommendations for the guidance of his future reign does the King give to the Prince?

48. What is the Prince's excuse for removing the crown? Does his apostrophe to the crown bear out the truth of his excuse?

49. Is the King convinced of the genuineness of the Prince's professions, or pleased with the ability he shows in his own defence?

50. What is the symbolism implied in the place where the King dies? How searching is it in its application?

ACT FIFTH.

51. What is the episodic value of Sc. i.?

52. What apprehensions of the future does the Lord Chief Justice express? How do Warwick and the other members of the royal household deepen the impression of impending disasters?

53. Why was the Lord Chief Justice chosen as the character to lead out King Henry V. to a declaration of his changed purposes in life?

54. Where in 1 *Henry IV.* was this scene foreshadowed?

55. Is this change in the Prince convincing? Is it a change in character or in conduct?

56. How does Sc. iii. complete the characterization of Silence? How is he differentiated from Shallow? What reserved compliment does he pay Falstaff? How does he end his dramatic life?

Questions

57. How is the news of the King's death and Prince Hal's elevation brought? What is the emotional effect of the concluding part of Sc. iii.? Is Falstaff's discomfiture foreshadowed in any part of this Scene?

58. What dramatic purpose does Sc. iv. serve?

59. Does one look with approval or disapproval on the arrest of Mrs. Quickly and Doll? State the humorous effect of Mrs. Quickly's words, *O God, that right should thus overcome might!* considered as a comment upon the whole play.

60. When does one first know that Falstaff has borrowed his thousand pounds?

61. How do Falstaff and his party appear to witness the King's procession? What self-deception does the knight indulge in?

62. What is the first stroke of catastrophe that falls upon him?

63. Do you approve or disapprove of the King's treatment of Sir John?

64. How does Falstaff show that he has lost his highest stake? Does he really believe that he will be *sent for in private*?

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65. How does the Second Part of this play compare in dramatic interest with the First Part? Is there felt a loss in the absence of such interest as Hotspur inspires?

66. Summarize the traits of Henry. Wherein was he strong? What were his limitations?

67. Give your estimate of the character of Prince Hal. How does he serve as a link-person in producing coherency of action?

68. What one interest always brought him to himself and secured his best endeavours? In what way may this play be taken as prologue to *Henry V.*?

69. Discuss the ethical anomaly of Falstaff as an artistic creation.

70. A critic has said: "To Shakespeare, good men and bad are alike parts of the order of Nature, to be understood and interpreted with perfect impartiality. He gives a diagnosis of the case, not a judgement sentencing them to heaven or hell. His characters prosper or suffer, not in proportion to their merits, but as good and bad fortune decides or as may be most dramatically effective." Considering this as a principle illustrated by the play under consideration, what attitude do you take as to the question of the relations of art and morality?